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POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

SCOTLAND.

VOL. II.

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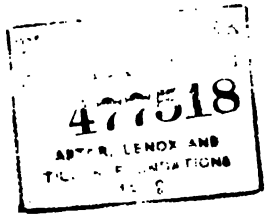

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SCOTLAND.

Gala Water.

GALA WATER.

THERE 's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I 'll be his and he 'll be mine,
The bonny lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I hae na meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We 'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that 's the chiefest warld's treasure!

Robert Burns.

GALLA BRAE.

O, TELL me, did ye ever see
Sweet Galla on a simmer night,
When ilka star had oped its e'e,
An' tipped the broom wi' saft, pale light?
Ye 'd never gang toward the town,
Ye wadna like the flauntie day,
If ance ye saw the moon blink down
Her bonnie beams on Galla Brae.

A' silent, save the whimplin tune,
The win 's asleep, nae leaflet stirs:
O, gie me Galla 'neath the moon,
Its siller birk, and gowden furze.
There 's monie anither leesome glen,
But let 'em talk o' whilk they may,
O' a' the rigs an' shaws I ken,
There 's nane sae fair as Galla Brae.

I crept a wee thing 'mang its heath,
A laughing laddie there I strayed;
I roved beside its burnie's tide
In morning air an' gloaming shade:
Its gowans were the first I pu'd,
An' still my leal heart loves it sae,
That when I dee, nae grave would be
Sic hallowed earth as Galla Brae.

Eliza Cook.

Galloway.

THE HILLS O' GALLOWA'.

AMANG the birks sae blythe an' gay,
I met my Julia hameward gaun;
The linties chantit on the spray,
The lammies loupit on the lawn:
On ilka swaird the hay was mawn,
The braes wi' gowans buskit bra',
An' evening's plaid o' gray was thrawn
Out ower the hills o' Gallowa'.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
An' fragrance winged alang the lea,
As down we sat the flowers amang,
Upon the banks o' stately Dee.
My Julia's arms encircled me,
An' saftly slade the hours awa',
Till dawning coost a glimm'rin' e'e
Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.

It isna owsen, sheep, an' kye,
It isna gowd, it isna gear,
This lifted e'e wad hae, quo' I,
The warld's drumlie gloom to cheer;
But gi'e to me my Julia dear,
Ye powers wha rowe this yirthen ba',
An' O, sae blythe through life I'll steer,
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

When gloamin' daunders up the hill,
An' our gudeman ca's hame the yowes,
Wi' her I 'll trace the mossy rill
That through the muir meand'ring rows;
Or tint amang the scroggie knowes,
My birken pipe I 'll sweetly blaw,
An' sing the streams, the straths, and howes,
The hills an' dales o' Gallowa'.

An' when auld Scotland's heathy hills,
Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,
Her flowery wilds an' wimpling rills,
Awake nae mair my canty strains;
Where friendship dwells an' freedom reigns,
Where heather blooms an' muircocks craw,
O, dig my grave, and lay my banes
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

Thomas Mounsey Cunningham

THE BRAES OF GALLOWAY.

O LASSIE, wilt thou gang wi' me,
And leave thy frien's i' th' south countrie,—
Thy former frien's and sweethearts a',
And gang wi' me to Gallowa'?
O Gallowa' braes, they wave wi' broom,
And heather-bells in bonnie bloom;
There 's lordly seats, and livin's braw,
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'!

There 's stately woods on mony a brae,
Where burns and birds in concert play;
The waukrife echo answers a',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.

The simmer shiel I 'll build for thee
Alang the bonnie banks o' Dee,
Half circlin' roun' my father's ha',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.

When autumn waves her flowin' horn,
And fields o' gowden grain are shorn,
I 'll busk thee fine, in pearlins braw,
To join the dance in Gallowa'.

At e'en, whan darkness shrouds the sight,
And lanely, langsome is the night,
Wi' tentie care my pipes I 'll thraw,
Play "A' the way to Gallowa'."

Should fickle fortune on us frown,
Nae lack o' gear our love should drown;
Content should shield our haddin' sma',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
Come while the blossom 's on the broom,
And heather-bells sae bonnie bloom;
Come let us be the happiest twa
On a' the braes o' Gallowa'!

William Nicholson.

Gareloch Head.

THE OLD SOLDIER OF THE GARELOCH HEA

I 'VE wandered east and west,
And a soldier I ha'e been;
The scars upon my breast
Tell the wars that I have seen.
But now I 'm old and worn,
And my locks are thinly spread,
And I 'm come to die in peace
By the Gareloch Head.

When I was young and strong,
Oft a wandering I would go
By the rough shores of Loch Long,
Up to lone Glencroe.
But now I 'm fain to rest,
And my resting-place I 've made
On the green and gentle bosom
Of the Gareloch Head.

'T was here my Jeanie grew,
Like a lamb amid the flocks,
With her eyes of bonnie blue,
And her gowden locks.
And here we often met,
When with lightsome foot we sped
O'er the green and grassy knolls
At the Gareloch Head.

'T was here she pined and died,—
  O, the salt tear in my ee
Forbids my heart to hide
  What Jeanie was to me!
'T was here my Jeanie died,
  And they scooped her lowly bed
'Neath the green and grassy turf
  At the Gareloch Head.

Like a leaf in leafy June
  From the leafy forest torn,
She fell, and I 'll fall soon,
  Like a sheaf of yellow corn.
For I 'm sere and weary now,
  And I soon shall make my bed
With my Jeanie, 'neath the turf
  At the Gareloch Head.

John Stuart Blackie.

Gask.

THE AULD HOUSE.

O, THE auld house, the auld house!
  What though the rooms were wee?
O, kind hearts were dwelling there,
  And bairnies fu' o' glee!
The wild-rose and the jessamine
  Still hang upon the wa';

How mony cherished memories
Do they, sweet flowers, reca'!

O, the auld laird, the auld laird!
Sae canty, kind, and crouse;
How mony did he welcome to
His ain wee dear auld house!
And the leddy too, sae genty,
There sheltered Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The bluebells sweetly blaw,
The bonnie Earn 's clear winding still,
But the auld house is awa'.
The auld house, the auld house,
Deserted though ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house
Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear-tree
The bairnies liked to see,
And O, how often did they speir
When ripe they a' wad be!
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
Aye rinnin' here and there,
The merry shout, — O, whiles we greet
To think we 'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scattered now,
Some to the Indies gane,

And ane, alas! to her lang hame;
Not here we 'll meet again.
The kirkyaird, the kirkyaird,
Wi' flowers o' every hue,
Sheltered by the holly's shade,
An' the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun,
How glorious it gaed down;
The cloudy splendor raised our hearts
To cloudless skies aboon!
The auld dial, the auld dial,
It tauld how time did pass;
The wintry winds ha'e dung it down, —
Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

Carolina, Baroness Nairne.

Glaizart.

THE BANKS O' GLAIZART.

NOW flowery summer comes again,
And decks my native, bonnie plain,
While feathered warblers swell the strain,
Aroun' the banks o' Glaizart.
Our woody, wild, romantic glens,
Our flowery groves, and fairy dens,
Form heart-enlivening, charming scenes,
Aroun' the banks o' Glaizart.

In childhood's days, sweet dawn o' life,
Unknown to sorrow, care, and strife,
Aft ha'e I roved mid pleasures rife,
  Upon thy banks, sweet Glaizart.
There too, fair Jeanie, maid o' glee,
In youthfu' days engaged my e'e,
And first her mou' I blythe did prie,
  Upon thy banks, sweet Glaizart.

O, charming are the towering Fells,
Whare rural pleasure kindly dwells;
And lovely are the blooming bells
  That grace thy banks, sweet Glaizart.
Here Nature's han', in days o' yore,
That after-swains might her adore,
Bequeathed the peerless gifts, in store,
  That grace thy banks, sweet Glaizart.

Yes, wi' that bonnie Clachan Glen,
Whare birdies chant the artless strain,
Her warks she crowned, and marked her ain
  The bonnie banks o' Glaizart.
Eclipsing a' her favors high,
She blythe proclaimed wi' smiling eye,
"Now, never now, shall scene outvie
  The bonnie banks o' Glaizart."

Anonymous.

Glammis Castle.

WITHIN THE TOWERS OF ANCIENT GLAMMIS.

THIS lively lyrical rhapsody, written in April, 1821, celebrates an amusing incident connected with the visit of Sir Walter Scott to the Castle of Glammis, in 1793.

WITHIN the towers of ancient Glammis
Some merry men did dine,
And their host took care they should richly fare
In friendship, wit, and wine.
But they sat too late, and mistook the gate
(For wine mounts to the brain);
O, 't was merry in the hall when the beards wagged all;
O, we hope they 'll be back again;
We hope they 'll be back again!

Sir Walter tapped at the parson's door,
To find the proper way,
But he dropt his switch, though there was no ditch,
And on the steps it lay,
So his wife took care of this nice affair,
And she wiped it free from stain;
For the knight was gone, nor the owner known,
So he ne'er got the switch again;
So he ne'er got the switch again.

This wondrous little whip remains
Within the lady's sight

(She crambo makes, with some mistakes,
But hopes for further light).
So she ne'er will part with this switch so
These thirty years her ain;
Till the knight appear, it must just lie her
He will ne'er get his switch again;
He will ne'er get his switch again!

Agne

Glasgow.

GLASGOW.

SING, Poet, 't is a merry world;
That cottage smoke is rolled and curl
In sport, that every moss
Is happy, every inch of soil; —
Before me runs a road of toil
With my grave cut across.
Sing, trailing showers and breezy downs,
I know the tragic hearts of towns.

City! I am true son of thine;
Ne'er dwelt I where great mornings shin
Around the bleating pens;
Ne'er by the rivulets I strayed,
And ne'er upon my childhood weighed
The silence of the glens.
Instead of shores where ocean beats,
I hear the ebb and flow of streets.

Black Labor draws his weary waves
Into their secret-moaning caves;
But with the morning light
That sea again will overflow
With a long, weary sound of woe,
Again to faint in night.
Wave am I in that sea of woes,
Which, night and morning, ebbs and flows.

I dwelt within a gloomy court,
Wherein did never sunbeam sport;
Yet there my heart was stirred, —
My very blood did dance and thrill,
When on my narrow window-sill
Spring lighted like a bird.
Poor flowers! I watched them pine for weeks,
With leaves as pale as human cheeks.

Afar, one summer, I was borne;
Through golden vapors of the morn
I heard the hills of sheep:
I trod with a wild ecstasy
The bright fringe of the living sea:
And on a ruined keep
I sat and watched an endless plain
Blacken beneath the gloom of rain.

O, fair the lightly sprinkled waste,
O'er which a laughing shower has raced!
O, fair the April shoots!
O, fair the woods on summer days,

While a blue hyacinthine haze
    Is dreaming round the roots!
In thee, O city! I discern
Another beauty, sad and stern.

Draw thy fierce streams of blinding ore,
Smite on a thousand anvils, roar
    Down to the harbor-bars;
Smoulder in smoky sunsets, flare
On rainy nights, while street and square
    Lie empty to the stars.
From terrace proud to alley base,
I know thee as my mother's face.

When sunset bathes thee in his gold,
In wreaths of bronze thy sides are rolled,
    Thy smoke is dusty fire;
And from the glory round thee poured,
A sunbeam like an angel's sword
    Shivers upon a spire.
Thus have I watched thee, Terror! Dream!
While the blue Night crept up the stream.

The wild train plunges in the hills,
He shrieks across the midnight rills;
    Streams through the shifting glare,
The roar and flap of foundry fires,
That shake with light the sleeping shires;
    And on the moorlands bare
He sees afar a crown of light
Hang o'er thee in the hollow night.

At midnight, when thy suburbs lie
As silent as a noonday sky
When larks with heat are mute,
I love to linger on thy bridge,
All lonely as a mountain ridge,
Disturbed but by my foot;
While the black lazy stream beneath
Steals from its far-off wilds of heath.

And through thy heart, as through a dream,
Flows on that black disdainful stream;
All scornfully it flows,
Between the huddled gloom of masts,
Silent as pines unvexed by blasts, —
'Tween lamps in streaming rows,
O wondrous sight! O stream of dread!
O long, dark river of the dead!

Afar the banner of the year
Unfurls: but dimly prisoned here,
'T is only when I greet
A dropt rose lying in my way,
A butterfly that flutters gay
Athwart the noisy street,
I know the happy Summer smiles
Around thy suburbs, miles on miles.

'T were neither pæan now, nor dirge,
The flash and thunder of the surge
On flat sands wide and bare:
No haunting joy or anguish dwells,

In the green light of sunny dells,
Or in the starry air.
Alike to me the desert flower,
The rainbow laughing o'er the shower.

While o'er thy walls the darkness sails,
I lean against the churchyard rails;
Up in the midnight towers
The belfried spire, the street is dead,
I hear in silence overhead
The clang of iron hours:
It moves me not, — I know her tomb
Is yonder in the shapeless gloom.

All raptures of this mortal breath,
Solemnities of life and death,
Dwell in thy noise alone:
Of me thou hast become a part, —
Some kindred with my human heart
Lives in thy streets of stone;
For we have been familiar more
Than galley-slave and weary oar.

The beech is dipped in wine; the shower
Is burnished; on the swinging flower
The latest bee doth sit.
The low sun stares through dust of gold,
And o'er the darkening heath and wold
The large ghost-moth doth flit.
In every orchard Autumn stands,
With apples in his golden hands.

But all these sights and sounds are strange;
Then wherefore from thee should I range?
Thou hast my kith and kin;
My childhood, youth, and manhood brave;
Thou hast that unforgotten grave
Within thy central din.
A sacredness of love and death
Dwells in thy noise and smoky breath.

Alexander Smith.

GLASGOW.

When that swallows' haunt,
St. Stephen's, with its showers of silvery chimes,
Stood black against the red, dilated sun,
Labor laid down his tools and went away.
The park was loud with games; clear laughter, shrieks,
Came from the rings of girls amid the trees;
The cricketers were eager at their play;
The stream was dotted with the swimmers' heads;
Gay boats flashed up and down. The level sun
Poured o'er the sward a farewell gush of light,
And Sport transfigured stood! I hurried on,
Through all the mirth, to where the river ran,
In the gray evening, 'tween the hanging woods,
With a soul-soothing murmur. Seated there,
The darkness closing round me, I could see
A lonely angler like a heron stand,
And hear the blackbird piping to the eve,
And smell the wild-rose on the dewy air.
I reached the park hours later, — what a change!

The full moon filled the universal night;
The stream ran white with lustre; walks and trees
Threw their long shadows; a few kine lay dark
In lanes and squares of moonlight; far away
The pallid rim of night was touched with fires;
Stillness was deep as death.

* * * * *

Across the moonlight spaces and the shades
I walked in silence, through pale silver streets,
Athwart a desolate and moon-bleached square,
Over a white and solitary bridge,
Until I reached my home. I oped the door,
And ere it closed, I heard a distant spire
Start in its sleep, and murmur of an hour.

Alexander Sm

Glen Almain (Glen Almond).

GLEN ALMAIN; OR, THE NARROW GLEN.

IN this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the Narrow Glen;
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one:
He sang of battles, and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death;
And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have rightfully been laid at last

Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled;
In some complaining, dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet;
But this is calm; there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed?
Or is it but a groundless creed?
What matters it?—I blame them not
Whose fancy in this lonely spot
Was moved; and in such way expressed
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A convent, even a hermit's cell,
Would break the silence of this Dell:
It is not quiet, it is not ease;
But something deeper far than these:
The separation that is here
Is of the grave; and of austere
Yet happy feelings of the dead;
And therefore was it rightly said
That Ossian, last of all his race!
Lies buried in this lonely place.

William Wordsworth.

Glenarbac.

A FAREWELL TO GLENARBAC.

WHEN grief is felt along the blood,
And checks the breath with sighs unsou
'T is then that Memory's power is wooed
To soothe by ancient forms of thought.
It is not much, yet in that day
Will seem a gladsome wakening;
And such to me, in joy's decay,
The memory of the Roebuck Glen.

Nor less, when fancies have their bent,
And eager passion sweeps the mind;
'T will bless to catch a calm content,
From happy moment far behind.
O, it is of a heavenly brood
That chastening recollection!
And such to me, in joyous mood,
The memory of the Roebuck Glen.

I grieve to quit this lime-tree walk,
The Clyde, the Leven's milder blue
To lose, yon craigs that nest the hawk
Will soar no longer in my view.
Yet of themselves small power to move
Have they: their light 's a borrowed thing
Won from her eyes, for whom I love
*The memo*ry of the Roebuck Glen.

O, dear to nature, not in vain
The mountain-winds have breathed on thee!
Mild virtues of a noble strain,
And beauty making pure and free,
Pass to thee from the silent hills;
And hence, where'er thy sojourning,
Thine eye with gentle weeping fills
At memory of the Roebuck Glen.

Thou speedest to the sunny shore,
Where first thy presence on me shone;
Alas! I know not whether more
These eyes shall claim thee as their own:
But should a kindly star prevail,
And should we meet far hence again,
How sweet in other lands to hail
The memory of the Roebuck Glen.

O, when the thought comes o'er my heart
Of happy meetings yet to be,
The very feeling that thou art
Is deep as that of life to me;
Yet should sad instinct in my breast
Speak true, and darker chance obtain,
Bless with one tear my final rest,
One memory from the Roebuck Glen.

Arthur Henry Hallam.

Glencoe.

ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

"O, TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?"

"No, not to these, for they have rest,—
The mist-wreath has the mountain crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wildwood deep, nor mountain gray,
Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

"Their flag was furled, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.
His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,

The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

"The hand that mingled in the meal
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality!
The friendly hearth which warmed that hand
At midnight armed it with the brand,
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

"Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery!
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that cloaked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than Southern clemency.

"Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their gray-haired master's misery.
Were each gray hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
'*Revenge for* blood and treachery!'"

Sir Walter Scott.

GLENCOE.

MOUNTAIN-TOP o'er mountain rising
Crag o'er crag, and steep o'er stee
Rugged scenes, the heart surprising
With an awe profound and deep;
Mountain streamlets gliding onward
With a swift unceasing flow, —
Rushing, pouring, hurrying downward
To the rivulet below,
Which in mellow music surges
All its rocky channels through;
And along the mountain gorges
Frequent peeps of heavenly blue.
All around the waving heather,
And the rocks so stern and brown;
Somewhere from the far-off ether
Dulcet lark-notes dropping down:
On yon crag a raven perching;
And a mist-cloud, wave on wave,
Brooding like some ghostly arching
O'er the mouth of Ossian's cave.
And I sit and watch the gushing
Of the little rivulet,
With its crystal waters rushing
On in ceaseless foam and fret;
Beetling crags o'erhanging lonely
Caverns wrapt in thunder-gloom,
Where the mountain-eagle only

In their shadow finds a home;
Rocks upraised like stately columns;
Passes where the wild wind plays; —
I can read them all like volumes
Filled with tales of vanished days.

'T is a morning in September,
And a breeze steals down the hill,
Sending all at once a chill
Through the frame, and I remember
I am sitting in Glencoe, —
With its scenery enchanting,
With its crags and streamlets haunting, —
And my fancy wanders back
To that morning long ago,
When, across the frozen snow,
Echoed o'er the mountains black
Warriors' curses uttered plainly,
Women's voices pleading vainly,
Yells and shouts and frantic crying,
Clanging shocks of angry steel,
And, dealt above the dead and dying,
Blows which strong arms only deal!

* * * * *

Slumberous peace and awful silence
Brood above this valley now,
As if never sounds of violence
Thrilled its echoing gorges through;
Gone the clang of warfare glorious!
Hushed the pibroch in the glen!
Perished *all the* wild uproarious

Noise and tramp of armèd men!
Desolation without measure!
No sweet homestead here and there;
No fair cottage with its azure
Smoke-wreath rising through the air!
No home sounds to follow after
Wild goat's bleat or eaglet's wail, —
Childhood's voice or girlish laughter
Echoing through the quiet vale!
In one spot the ruins only
Of the homes of murdered men,
Make the loneliness more lonely,
Add a weirdness to the glen:
And vague thoughts of awful mystery
Overwhelm me like a blast,
Blowing from the page of History
All the horrors of the Past, —
As I view the phantoms flitting
From their graves of long ago,
And remember I am sitting
In the valley of Glencoe.

William Leigh

GLENCOE.

FROM Avon backward to the north we fly,
And see blind Ossian sitting 'neath the moon
His hair a snowy storm, his solemn eye
A star eclipsed, yet burning through its veil;
Unbent his stature, and his cheek a rose,

Blooming beneath a glacier's icy shade,
Glencoe's dark hills above him sternly piled,
Here running into ridgy walls of rock,
There shooting up in naked, lonely peaks,
Where eagles build, and storms essay to pause,
But cannot for their weary feet find rest,
Scourged ever onward by a viewless wrath;
And where the clouds disport their misty wings,
And weave their crowns of vapor or of fire,
With colors cold as lead or warm as gold.
Now breaking into those prodigious shapes,
Those three wild mountains, the Weird Sisters named,
Colossal company of Gorgon heads,
Shedding strange night and fear upon the vale;
And yonder, bending in one awful frown
Of dark and beetling rock upon a lake,
Which in enchanted terror sleeps below,
Its dream the "Black Crag of Glencoe" forever!
While through the whole a melancholy voice
As of a spirit, bound in watery chains,
Goes onward night and day in endless wail,
Recalling now some past of agony,
Prophetic now of direr coming woe.
It is the cry of Cona, lonely stream!
And with that cry are blended kindred sounds:
Winds stirring the wild myrtle and the heath;
Crags toppling down, and falling at the foot
Of the blind bard, who hears besides the notes
Of foxes' *howl, scream* of awakened bird,
Snow sliding off some wall-like precipice,
And voice of spirits passing through the night,

On moonbeams riding, or on lightning forks
Transfixed and writhing in their hopeless doom.

George Gilfillan.

LAMENT FOR GLENCOE.

YE loyal Macdonalds, awaken! awaken!
Why sleep ye so soundly in face of the foe?
The clouds pass away, and the morning is breaking;
But when will awaken the Sons of Glencoe?
They lay down to rest with their thoughts on the morrow,
Nor dreamt that life's visions were melting like snow;
But daylight has dawned in the silence of sorrow,
And ne'er shall awaken the Sons of Glencoe.
O, dark was the moment that brought to our shealing
The black-hearted foe with his treacherous smile.
We gave him our food with a brother's own feeling;
For then we believed there was truth in Argyle.
The winds howl a warning, the red lightning flashes,
We heap up our fagots a welcome to show;
But traitors are brooding on death near the ashes
Now cold on the hearths of the Sons of Glencoe.
My clansmen, strike boldly, — let none of ye count on
The mercy of cowards who wrought us such woe;
The wail of their spirits, when heard on the mountain,
Must surely awaken the Sons of Glencoe.
Ah! cruel as adders, ye stung them while sleeping;
But vengeance shall track ye wherever ye go.
Our loved ones lie murdered; no sorrow nor weeping
Shall ever awaken the Sons of Glencoe.

Mary Maxwell Campbe

Glencroe.

AT THE HEAD OF GLENCROE.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious walk,
Who that has gained at length the wished-for height,
This brief, this simple wayside call can slight,
And rests not thankful? Whether cheered by talk
With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk
Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs repose,
Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's sweep,
So may the soul, through powers that faith bestows,
Win rest and ease and peace, with bliss that angels share.

William Wordsworth.

Glenesland, the River.

THE LASS OF GLENESLAN-MILL.

THE laverock loves the dewy light,
The bee the balmy foxglove fair;
The shepherd loves the glowing morn,
When song and sunshine fill the air:

But I love best the summer moon,
With all her stars, pure streaming stil
For then, in light and love I meet
The sweet lass of Gleneslan-mill.

The violets lay their blossoms low,
Beneath her white foot, on the plain;
Their fragrant heads the lilies wave,
Of her superior presence fain.
O, might I clasp her to my heart,
And of her ripe lips have my will!
For loath to woo and long to win
Was she by green Gleneslan-mill.

Mute was the wind, soft fell the dew,
O'er Blackwood brow bright glowed the
Rills murmured music, and the stars
Refused to set our heads aboon.:
Ye might have heard our beating hearts,
Our mixing breaths, — all was so still,
Till morning's light shone on her locks,
Farewell, lass of Gleneslan-mill.

Wert thou an idol all of gold,
Had I the eye of worldish care,
I could not think thee half so sweet,
Look on thee so, or love thee mair.
Till death's cold dewdrop dim mine eye,
This tongue be mute, this heart lie st
Thine every wish of joy and love,
My lass of green Gleneslan-mill!

Allan Cu

Gleniffer.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

KEEN blaws the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle-turrets are covered with snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw!
The wild-flowers o' summer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae marched my dear Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheerie,
Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie;
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee;
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie;
'T is winter wi' them, and 't is winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.
It 's no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
It 's no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my e'e,
For, O gin, I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter were summer to me.

Robert Tannahill

Glenisla.

GLENISLA MARY.

THERE 's douce auld carles yont the Craf
An' winsome wives in Broughty Ferry;
There 's bonny maids in Lillybank,
But nane like my Glenisla Mary.

The Seidlaw Hills are wreathed wi' snaw,
The breakers roar aboon the Ferry;
But when the gowan decks the Law,
I 'll meet my dear Glenisla Mary.

The wind and tide may change and veer,
But love like mine can never vary;
For lang as light to life is dear,
I 'll love thee, sweet Glenisla Mary.

William K

Glenlyon.

THE LILY O' GLENLYON.

SWEET is the e'ening's tear o' dew
Upon the bending harebell blue,
But sweeter far is she I lo'e,—
The Lily o' Glenlyon.

I 've kissed wi' mony a Highland quean,
Wi' Lowland maids danced on the green,
But nane like her I kissed yestreen,—
The Lily o' Glenlyon.

O, thou art sweet as e'ening's gale
That whispers down the blossomed dale,
An' soft as lover's wooing tale,—
Sweet Lily o' Glenlyon.

I 've seen the rose in lordly bower,
The violet bloom by ruined tower,
But thou art beauty's peerless flower,—
Sweet Lily o' Glenlyon.

Nae gems thy gouden ringlets braid,
Thy brawest veil 's the tartan plaid,
My Highland love, my mountain maid,
My Lily o' Glenlyon.

Thy rosy cheek, thy deep-blue e'e,
That shot sic deadly glaumerie,
Hath bound my heart for aye to thee,
Sweet Lily o' Glenlyon.

William Wilson.

Glen-Messen.

GLEN-MESSEN.

AS in the babbling crowd where gossips meet,
Some quiet heart maintains itself alone—
Or grass-grown alley off the trampled street—
Glen-Messen lies unknown.

The visitors of summer come and go,
With many a far-famed scene within their ken;
But even their books of travel do not know
This almost nameless glen.

I got its being and its name from one
Who loves to brood on beauty near at home,
And, haply, garners more, when all is done,
Than those who farther roam.

It was a golden summer day, and Clyde,
From shore to shore, was all one molten flam
The Holy Loch, stilled with the swollen tide,
Was hallowed as its name.

As up its southern marge I slowly strayed,
I heard the measured dip of unseen oar,
And even the prattling children as they played
Upon the further shore.

Up by the placid loch, which, far beneath,
Bosomed the summer beauty of the skies,
I reached its upper shores, then took the heath,
For there Glen-Messen lies.

* * * * *

The hills shut out the world with all its noise,
Shut in the murmur of the hidden stream;
And only once a hawk, with sudden poise,
Uttered a sudden scream.

The little glen was all in dreamy hush:
But soon a muffled rumble, soft and deep,
And then the cataract's imperious rush
Awoke it from its sleep.

Adown the glen the burn shot in and out
Beneath the shelving rocks, and where it stayed
In quiet crystal pools, the speckled trout
In dimpling eddies played.

Here, through a rocky sluice the waters bored;
There, round and round in boiling caldron wheeled;
And up the cataract, like a flashing sword,
The silvery salmon spieled.

Like a deep thinker, in himself entombed,
Stood on a stone the solitary hern;
While all around the purple heather bloomed,
And waved the feathery fern.

The long, long summer day, in sun and shade,
I lingered there; but years have gone since then,

And many a pilgrimage in thought I 've made,
To wander in the glen.

All Nature finds in man a counterpart:
She takes her spell-bound lover by the hand,
And makes him one with that mysterious heart
That beats through sea and land.

Robert Leighton.

Glenmore.

THE BARD'S INCANTATION.

THE forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine and the dark oak-tree;
And the midnight wind to the mountain deer
Is whistling the forest lullaby;
The moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees
That mingles with the groaning oak,
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock:
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the bard in fitful mood;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the bard of Glenmore through the forest passed.

Sir Walter Scott.

Glen Moriston.

GLEN MORISTON.

A STRETCH of sky all black and threatening,
And opposite a sky as bright as gold;
A mountain where the burning rowans cling,
Half lit with life, half shadowy and cold.
Beneath two rugged lines of rock, that hold
Atwixt them a wild river, hurled along
With all its foaming life-blood poured among
The sombre stones whereon leans heather bold,
Whose crimson palms, dipped reckless in the stream,
Can hardly struggle to the shore again.
Oak-trees and laurels wandering down the glen;
In all the air a pale bewildered gleam
Of sunlight moving lonely through a haze
Of rain, whose measured music fills the days.

Cora Kennedy Aitken.

Glen-Orra.

GLEN-ORRA.

THE gale is high, the bark is light,
Swiftly it glides the dark sea over;
Why bear, ye waves, so base a freight,
Why waft, ye winds, a vagrant lover?

Wake, artless maid, thy dream is o'er,
No brightening hope can gild to-morrow,
Thy lover hails a distant shore,
Nor thinks of thee far in Glen-Orra.

The moon is up, the maiden 's gone,
Where flower and tree the night dews cove
To weep by mountain streamlet lone,
O'er perjured vows of faithless lover.
Turn, faithless wretch, seek Orra's wild,
To rapture raise the maiden's sorrow,
Ah! see where love so lately smiled,
Cold, cold, she sinks in dark Glen-Orra.

The moon hangs pale o'er Orra's steep,
And lists a hapless maiden sighing,
The sullen night-winds, caverned, sleep,
As loath to rave o'er maiden dying.
The hue of death has blenched the lip,
The rosy cheek is pale with sorrow,
Ere morn, death's chilly hand shall nip
The loveliest flower in green Glen-Orra.

Anonymous

Glen-Shalloch.

FAREWELL TO GLEN-SHALLOCH.

FAREWELL to Glen-Shalloch,
A farewell forever!
Farewell to my wee cot,
That stands by the river!
The fall is loud sounding
In voices that vary,
And the echoes surrounding
Lament with my Mary.

I saw her last night,
Mid the rocks that enclose them,
With a babe at her knee,
And a babe at her bosom:
I heard her sweet voice
In the depth of my slumber,
And the song that she sung
Was of sorrow and cumber.

"Sleep sound, my sweet babe,
There is naught to alarm thee;
The sons of the valley
No power have to harm thee.
I 'll sing thee to rest
In the *balloch* untrodden,
With the coronach sad
For the slain of Culloden.

"The brave were betrayed,
And the tyrant is daring
To trample and waste us,
Unpitying, unsparing.
Thy mother no voice has,
No feeling that changes,
No word, sign, or song,
But the lesson of vengeance.

"I 'll tell thee, my son,
How our laurels are withering;
I 'll gird on thy sword
When the clansmen are gathering;
I 'll bid thee go forth
In the cause of true honor,
And never return
Till thy country hath won her.

"Our tower of devotion
Is the home of the reaver;
The pride of the ocean
Is fallen forever;
The pine of the forest,
That time could not weaken,
Is trod in the dust,
And its honors are shaken.

"Rise, spirits of yore,
Ever dauntless in danger!
For the land that was yours
Is the land of the stranger.

O, come from your caverns,
All bloodless and hoary,
And these fiends of the valley
Shall tremble before ye!"

James Hogg.

Glenshee.

THE SHEPHERD OF GLENSHEE.

I WANDER over hill and dale;
I breathe the healthful mountain gale;
Far from the city's busy throng,
I listen to the warbler's song;
I guide and tend my fleecy flocks,
Among the muirs, around the rocks;
And wander unconfined and free,
By bank and burn amid Glenshee.

While roaming o'er the mountain's side,
I mark the seasons onward glide;
See winter clothe the hills with snow,
And make the rivers overflow;
Behold the sunshine and the showers
In spring renew the leafless bowers;
And list the hum of busy bee
Among the blossoms in Glenshee.

When summer shines on howm and height,
And fills the bosom with delight;
When bloom adorns the sylvan dell,

And purple heath-flowers deck the fell, —
At gloaming gray, amid the glade,
I wander with my mountain maid;
And there is none like her I see,
The fairest flower in all Glenshee!

I love to mark, begemmed with dew,
In shady dell, the violet blue;
I joy to view the crystal stream
In morning's cloudless radiance gleam;
But dearer, sweeter, lovelier far
Than opening rose or shining star,
Than all I know, than all I see,
The blossom that adorns Glenshee!

William Thoms

Gowrie.

KATE O' GOWRIE.

WHEN Katie was scarce out nineteen,
O, but she had twa coal-black een;
A bonnier lass ye wadna seen,
In a' the Carse o' Gowrie.
Quite tired o' livin' a' his lane,
Pate did to her his love explain,
And swore he 'd be, were she his ain,
The happiest lad in Gowrie.

Quo' she, "I winna marry thee
For a' the gear that ye can gi'e,
Nor will I gang a step ajie,
For a' the gowd in Gowrie.

My father will gi'e me twa kye;
My mother 's gaun some yarn to dye;
I 'll get a gown just like the sky,
  Gif I 'll no gang to Gowrie."

"O my dear Katie, say na sae;
Ye little ken a heart that 's wae;
Hae! there 's my hand; hear me, I pray,
  Sin' thou 'll no gang to Gowrie.
Since first I met thee at the sheil,
My saul to thee 's been true and leal;
The darkest night I fear nae deil,
  Warlock, or witch in Gowrie.

"I fear nae want o' claes, nor nocht;
Sic silly things my mind ne'er taught.
I dream a' nicht, and start about,
  And wish for thee in Gowrie.
I lo'e thee better, Kate, my dear,
Than a' my riggs and out-gaun gear;
Sit down by me till ance I swear,
  Thou 'rt worth the Carse o' Gowrie."

Syne on her mouth sweet kisses laid,
Till blushes a' her cheeks o'erspread;
She sighed, and in soft whispers said,
  "O Pate, tak' me to Gowrie!"
Quo' he, "Let 's to the auld fouk gang;
Say what they like, I 'll bide their bang,
And bide a' nicht, though beds be thrang,
But I 'll ha'e thee to Gowrie."

The auld fouk syne baith gied consent:
The priest was ca'd: a' were content;
And Katie never did repent
That she gaed hame to Gowrie.
For routh o' bonnie bairns had she;
Mair strappin' lads ye wadna see;
And her braw lasses bore the gree
Frae a' the rest o' Gowrie.

William L

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

'TWAS on a summer's afternoon,
A wee afore the sun gaed down,
A lassie, wi' a braw new gown,
Cam' ower the hills to Gowrie.
The rosebud, washed in summer's shower,
Bloomed fresh within the sunny bower;
But Kitty was the fairest flower
That e'er was seen in Gowrie.

To see her cousin she cam' there,
An', O, the scene was passing fair!
For what in Scotland can compare
Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie?
The sun was setting on the Tay,
The blue hills melting into gray;
The mavis' and the blackbird's lay
Were sweetly heard in Gowrie.

O, lang the lassie I had wooed\
An' truth and constancy had vowed,

But cam' nae speed wi' her I lo'ed,
Until she saw fair Gowrie.
I pointed to my faither's ha',
Yon bonnie bield ayont the shaw,
Sae loun' that there nae blast could blaw;
Wad she no bide in Gowrie?

Her faither was baith glad and wae;
Her mither she wad naething say;
The bairnies thocht they wad get play
If Kitty gaed to Gowrie.
She whiles did smile, she whiles did greet,
The blush and tear were on her cheek;
She naething said, an' hung her head;
But now she 's Leddy Gowrie.

Carolina, Baroness Nairne.

Greenlaw.

BONNIE GREENLAW.

O, THE cauld breath o' winter, sae bitter and keen
Has stown frae the woodlands their mantles o' green;
Nae wee bird sings sweetly, nae flower blossoms braw;
A' nature 's grown cheerless at bonnie Greenlaw.

But 't isna the sang o' the mavis we mourn,
Nor the wee droopin' harebell sae withered and torn;

There 's a form and a face, there 's a sweet smile awa',
That ance gladdened winter at bonnie Greenlaw.

Short syne seems the time when in simmer's nicht
gloom,
Wi' laughin' and daffin', we pu'd the Law-bloom,
Or scaured the wee lambs o'er the fresh dewy lea,
While jinkin' in joy round the auld saughen-tree.

When the bright sun o' hairst slippit doun to his bed,
We soucht the row'n tree for his berries sae red;
While the short hours o' gladness gaed smilin' awa',
Undimmed by a' care frae the woods o' Greenlaw.

When the sweet spring returns, and cauld winter is
gane,
The primrose and gowan we 'll welcome again;
But there 's ae flower, I ween, we lo'ed better than a',
That we 'll ne'er meet again 'mang the woods o' Green-
law.

Hugh Macdonald.

Greenock.

GREENOCK.

WE have not passed into a doleful city,
We who were led to-day down a grim dell,
By some too boldly named "the Jaws of Hell":
Where be the wretched ones, the sights for pity?
These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty :

As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,
Sorrow seems here excluded; and that knell,
It neither damps the gay nor checks the witty.
Alas! too busy rival of old Tyre,
Whose merchants princes were, whose decks were thrones,
Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire
To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde
Whose nursling current brawls o'er mossy stones,
The poor, the lonely herdsman's joy and pride.

William Wordsworth.

Grishornish.

THE MAID OF GRISHORNISH.

THE clouds are scowling on the hill, the mist is thick and gray,
The sun slants out behind the cloud a cold and meagre ray,
The shepherd wraps his plaid about, and reads the tristful skies,
And to his faithful collie dog across the moor he cries;
But in my heart there sings a bird, with song both loud and clear,
A song that makes me bright within, while all without is drear;
And thus the little bird doth sing with happy chirp to me,
The lovely maid of Grishornish thy bonnie bride shall be.

O Grishornish, thy rocks are black, thy moors are brown and bare!
Who would have thought so fair a thing was kindly nurtured there?
As mild as summer's balmy breath upon thy wintry shore,
As gentle as an angel's wing 'bove thy rude tempest's roar,
As pure as pearl in lucid seas, and like a star serene,
When rifted clouds are racing past, with azure stripes between;
And thus the bird within my breast sings sweetly still to me,
Right soon the maid of Grishornish thy bonnie bride shall be.

O Grishornish, and Vaternish, and every Nish in Skye,
On you let heaven pour down the rain till all its wells be dry!
With rain and wind and mist and storm I am content to dwell,
If but the maid of Grishornish shall live and love me well;
If but her fine and dainty lip, and mildly beaming eye,
Shall make me lord of more than all Macleod commands in Skye;
If but the little bird shall sing within my breast to me,
The lovely maid of Grishornish thy winsome wife shall be.

John Stuart Blackie.

Harden Castle.

HARDEN CASTLE.

WHERE Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,
Through slaty hills, whose sides are shagged with thorn,
Where springs, in scattered tufts, the dark-green corn,
Towers wood-girt Harden, far above the vale,
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.
A hardy race, who never shrunk from war,
The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fixed his mountain-home; — a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain;
But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more blessed his fearless arm supplied.

The waning harvest-moon shone cold and bright;
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night;
And as the massy portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.
What fair, half-veiled, leans from her latticed hall,
Where red the wavering gleams of torchlight fall?
'T is Yarrow's fairest Flower, who, through the gloom,
Looks, wistful, for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil, that strewed the ground,
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
While beauteous Mary soothed, in accents mild,
His fluttering soul, and clasped her foster child.
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nor loved the scenes that scared his infant view;
In vales remote, from camps and castles far,
He shunned the fearful shuddering joy of war;
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

His are the strains whose wandering echoes thrill
The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill,
When evening brings the merry folding hours,
And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.
He lived o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly leaves o'er Harden's bier:
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom;
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, and left his own unsung.

John Leyden

Hardmoor.

HARDMOOR.

MACBETH. So foul and fair a day I have not seen
BANQUO. How far is 't call'd to Fores? — Wha
are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? — Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

MACB. Speak, if you can; what are you?

1 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

2 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

3 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter.

BAN. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? — I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of Time,
And say, which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favors nor your hate.

1 WITCH. Hail!

2 WITCH. Hail!

3 WITCH. Hail!

1 WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 WITCH. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!
1 WITCH. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!
MACB. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's death, I know, I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be King
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence; or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting. — Speak, I charge you.
[WITCHES *vanish*.
BAN. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. — Whither are they vanish'd!
MACB. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. — Would they had staid!

William Shakespeare.

HARDMOOR.

O MIGHTY Master, who shall tread this heath
Without mysterious visions, — looking back
To see the witches dancing on his track
With shrivelled limbs, and voice and eyes of death?
They beckon with their palsied hands beneath
The stunted trees, their torn locks shake among
The dropping branches. Thin and black along
The shivering grass the heather holds its breath

For fear, and cannot burn and blossom when
Night after night such awful sights it sees;
The wan, worn moonlight fainting on the trees,
And life struck dumb till daylight breathes again!
And even the daylight is bewildered here
Where all things have such consciousness of fear.

Cora Kennedy Aitken.

Hawthornden.

SONNET ON HAWTHORNDEN.

DEAR wood, and you, sweet solitary place,
Where from the vulgar I estrangéd live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace;
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my peace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When sun, progressing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be of bondage free,
Far from the maddening worldlings' hoarse discords,
Sweet flowery place, I first did learn of thee:
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stately courts.

William Drummond.

HAWTHORNDEN.

STRANGER! gaze round thee on a woodland s
Of fairy loveliness, all unsurpassed.
In gulfy amphitheatre the boughs
Of many-foliaged stems engird thy path
With emerald gloom; the shelving, steepy banks,
With eglantine and hawthorn blossomed o'er,
And a flush undergrowth of primroses,
Lychnes, and daffodils, and harebells blue,
Of summer's liberal bounty mutely tell.
From frowning rocks piled up precipitous,
With scanty footing topples the huge oak,
Tossing his arms abroad; and, fixed in clefts,
Where gleams at intervals a patch of sward,
The hazel throws his silvery branches down,
Fringing with grace the dark-brown battlements.
Look up, and lo! o'er all, yon castled cliff, —
Its roof is lichened o'er, purple and green,
And blends its gray walls with coeval trees:
There "Jonson sate in Drummond's classic shade"
The mazy stream beneath is Roslin's Esk, —
And what thou lookest on is Hawthornden!

Firm is the mansion's basement on the rock:
Beneath there yawns a many-chambered cave,
With dormitory, and hollow well, and rooms
Scooped by the hands of men. From its slant mo
Bramble-o'ergrown, facing the river bed,

Through Scotland's troublous times, in days of Eld,
When Tyranny held rule, oft have the brave,
Who dared not show themselves in open day,
Seen the red sunset on yon high tree-tops,
As twilight with blue darkness filled the glen;
Or with lone taper, in its pitchy womb,
Biding their time, around Dalwolsey sate,
And mourned the rust that dimmed each patriot sword.

Nor pass unmarked that bough-embosomed nook
Beside thee, — in the rock a cool recess,
Christened immortally The Cypress Grove,
By him who pondered there. 'T was to that spot,
So sad, yet lovely in its solitude,
That Drummond, the historian and the bard,
The noble and enlightened, from the world
Withdrew to wisdom, and the holy lore,
At night, at noon, in tempest or in calm,
Which Nature teaches, — for, a wounded deer,
Early he left the herd, and strayed alone:
While dreaming lovely dreams, in buoyant youth,
Even mid the splendors of unclouded noon,
Had fallen the sudden shadow on his heart,
That lived but in another, whom Death took,
Blighting his fond affections in their spring.

Through years of calm and bright philosophy,
Making this earth a type of Paradise,
He sojourned mid these lone and lovely scenes, —
Lone, listening from afar the murmurous din
Of Life's loud bustle; as an eremite,

In sylvan haunt remote, when housed the bees,
And silent all except the nightingale,
Whom fitful song awakes, at eve may hear,
Dream-like, the boom of the far-distant sea:
And in that cave he strung and struck his lyre,
Waking such passionate tones to love and Heaven,
That from her favorite haunt, the sunny South,
From Arno and Vaucluse, the Muse took wing,
And fixed her dwelling-place on Celtic shores.

David Macbeth Moir.

HAWTHORNDEN.

THOUGH Scotia hath a thousand scenes
To strike the traveller's eye,
Clear-bosomed lakes, and leaping streams,
And mountains bleak and high;
Yet when he seeks his native clime
And ingle-side again,
'T would be a pity, had he missed
To visit Hawthornden.

Down, down, precipitous and rude,
The rocks abruptly go,
While through their deep and narrow gorge
Foams on the Esk below;
Yet though it plunges strong and bold,
Its murmurs meet the ear,
Like fretful childhood's weak complaint,
Half smothered in its fear.

There 's plenty, in my own dear land,
Of cave and wild cascade,
And all my early years were spent
In such romantic glade;
And I could featly climb the cliff,
Or forest roam and fen;
But I 've been puzzled here among
These rocks of Hawthornden.

Here, too, are labyrinthine paths
To caverns dark and low,
Wherein, they say, King Robert Bruce
Found refuge from his foe;
And still amid their relics old
His stalwart sword they keep,
Which telleth tales of cloven heads
And gashes dire and deep;

While sculptured in the yielding stone
Full many a niche they show,
Where erst his library he stored
(The guide-boy told us so).
Slight need had he of books, I trow,
Mid hordes of savage men,
And precious little time to read
At leaguered Hawthornden.

Loud pealing from those caverns drear,
In old disastrous times,
The Covenanters' nightly hymn
Upraised its startling chimes;

Here too they stoutly stood at bay,
  Or frowning sped along,
To meet the high-born cavalier
  In conflict fierce and strong.

And here 's the hawthorn-broidered nook,
  Where Drummond, not in vain,
Awaited his inspiring muse,
  And wooed her dulcet strain.
And there 's the oak, beneath whose shade
  He welcomed tuneful Ben,
And still the memory of their words
  Is nursed in Hawthornden.

* * * * *

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

Hazeldean.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
  Why weep ye by the tide?
I 'll wed ye to my youngest son,
  And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
  Sae comely to be seen" —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
  For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you the foremost o' them a'
Shall ride our forest-queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there:
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She 's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

Sir Walter Scott.

Hebrides.

ST. CORMAC THE NAVIGATOR.

A LEGEND OF THE ISLAND OF LEWIS.

ONE of the first evangelizers of the Western Islands is known in Gaelic story as "St. Cormac the Navigator." He was among the first missionaries sent out from Iona.

FIRST ISLANDER.

LOOK out! look out! on the waves so dark,
And tell me dost thou see a bark
Riding the tempest through?
It bears a cross on its slender spar,
And a lamp that glances like a star,
And three men make the crew!

SECOND ISLANDER.

I see a bark far off at sea,
With cross and lamp and crew of three,
But sooth it labors sore;
I see it rise, I see it fall,
Now the angry ocean swallows all,
And I see the bark no more.

FIRST ISLANDER.

'T is he! 't is he! I know his sail, —
'T is the holy man of the distant Gael,
True to his plighted word, —

"Be 't storm or calm, or foul or fair,"
He said, "I will be surely there
On the birthday of our Lord!"

He is the saint whose hymn soars loud
O'er shifting sail and crackling shroud;
Who resteth on his oar
In the summer midnight's silent hour
May haply hear that voice of power
O'er Coryvrekan's roar.

He knoweth how to steer aright,
By the yard, and plough, and northern light,
Through the battling Shetland Seas, —
Knoweth of every port the sign
From Westra to Saint Columb's shrine
In the southern Hebrides.

A host will throng to cape and bay
To meet him each appointed day,
Be it festival or fast,
And if his bark comes not in sight
They deem they have not reckoned right,
Or that the day is past.

His psalm hath wakened Osmunwall,
And from the cavern of Fingall
Hath shaken down the spar;
The fishers *on the* midnight waves,
And the otter-hunters from their caves
Salute his cross and star.

SECOND ISLANDER.

I see, I see through the nightfall dark
Saint Cormac sitting in his bark,
  And now he draweth near!
Dear Father of the island men,
Welcome to Wallis' Isle again,
  And to our Christmas cheer!

Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

Huntingtower.

HUNTINGTOWER.

"WHEN ye gang awa', Jamie,
  When ye gang awa', laddie,
What will ye gi'e my heart to cheer,
  When ye are far awa', Jamie?"

"I 'll gi'e ye a braw new gown, Jeanie,
  I 'll gi'e ye a braw new gown, lassie,
An' it will be a silken ane,
  Wi' Valenciennes trimmed round, Jeanie."

"O, that 's nae luve at a', laddie,
  That 's nae luve at a', Jamie,
How could I bear braw gowns to wear,
  When ye are far awa', laddie?

"*But* mind me when awa', Jamie,
  Mind me when awa', laddie,

For out o' sicht is out o' mind
Wi' mony folk we ken, Jamie."

"O, that can never be, Jeanie,
Forgot ye ne'er can be, lassie;
O, gang wi' me to the north countrie,
My bonnie bride to be, Jeanie.

"The hills are grand and hie, Jeanie,
The burnies rumin' clear, lassie,
'Mang birks and braes, where wild deer strays,
O, come wi' me, and see, lassie."

"I winna gang wi' thee, laddie,
I tell'd ye sae afore, Jamie;
Till free consent my parents gi'e,
I canna gang wi' thee, Jamie."

"But when ye 're wed to me, Jeanie,
Then they will forgi'e, lassie;
How can ye be sae cauld to me,
Wha 's lo'ed ye weel and lang, lassie."

"No sae lang as them, laddie,
No sae lang as them, Jamie;
A grief to them I wadna be,
No for the Duke himsel', Jamie.

"We 'll save our penny fee, laddie,
To keep frae poortith free, Jamie;
An' then their blessing they will gi'e
Baith to you and me, Jamie."

"Huntingtower is mine, lassie,
Huntingtower is mine, Jeanie;
Huntingtower an' Blairnagower,
An' a' that 's mine is thine, Jeanie!"

Carolina, Baroness

Inch Cailliach.

INCH CAILLIACH.

THE oars dip, and we lightly skim away,
Leaving behind Dumcruin's fairy-knowe,
Cone-shaped, and to the summit darkly clad
With bristling pines. Before us, lofty Ben
Towers, green as emerald, in the sunny sky.

Swiftly we dart 'tween islands fair, that gem
The bosom of the loch; a rippling wake,
On which sun-sparkles play, diverging far
On either side. Inch Cailliach, overgrown
With dingle brushwood, copse, and greenery,
Like some enchanted isle, emerges from
The clear blue lake. We thither turn the prow
And soon the keel, impelled by lusty strokes,
Runs up the sloping sand-beach. Joyously
We leap ashore, and leave the tiny skiff,
To lose ourselves in thickets, fragrant all
With tufted meadow-sweet, bog-myrtle, heath;

And gather blaeberries, till hands and lips
Are deeply stained with the purple juice.

Now gazing on the summit of the isle
From the old kirkyard, — for here, in ancient times,
Mid pibrochs wild, in boats the dead were borne
Across the lake, to sleep their last long sleep.
Lo! what a scene of tranquil loveliness!
Kilpatrick braes and Leven's verdant slopes,
In gentle undulation, stretch away
Towards the south; while towering in the north,
Benvoirlich and the high Glenfalloch range;
Huge mountain masses, sterile rocky steeps,
With blue crags, bound the distance. Over Luss
And Tarbet lie the heights of Arroquhar,
Loch Long and dark Loch Goil; the Cobbler's strange
Fantastic peak conspicuous in the view.

Andrew James Symington.

Inchcape Rock.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

NO stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green:
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing:
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,

And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I 'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around:
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high:
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"*Now where we are* I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair:
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear, —
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

Robert Southey.

THE BELL AT SEA.

THE dangerous islet called the Bell Rock [the Inchcape Rock], on the coast of Forfarshire used formerly to be marked only by a bell, which was so placed as to be swung by the motion of the waves, when the tide rose above the rock. A lighthouse has since been erected there.

WHEN the tide's billowy swell
Had reached its height,
Then tolled the rock's lone bell
Sternly by night.

Far over cliff and surge
Swept the deep sound,
Making each wild wind's dirge
Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone
The sailor blessed,
Steering through darkness on
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be!

Felicia Hemans.

Inchkenneth, the Island.

A WRAITH IN THE MIST.

"Sir, I should build me a fortification, if I came to live here."—*Boswell's Johnson.*

ON the green little isle of Inchkenneth,
Who is it that walks by the shore,
So gay with his Highland blue bonnet,
So brave with his targe and claymore?

His form is the form of a giant,
But his face wears an aspect of pain;
Can this be the Laird of Inchkenneth?
Can this be Sir Allan McLean?

Ah, no! It is only the Rambler,
The Idler, who lives in Bolt Court,

And who says, were he Laird of Inchkenneth,
He would wall himself round with a fort.

Anonymous.

Inverary.

INVERARY.

PLEASANT woods of Inverary,
Shadowing far o'er lawn and lea,
Music of your summer murmur
Breathes no more for me;
Underneath your stately arches
Yet may dreamer, student, lie,
Poet at his perfect pleasure,—
So no more shall I.

Far beside fair Douglas water
Other charméd feet may stray,
Seeking whence its song beginneth
Half a summer's day;
Where the ancient archway darkens,
Deeper yet the blood-red line,
Cross the ford, and past the rapid:
Nevermore shall mine.

Dhuloch, queen of inland waters,
Virgin, yet so near allied,
Morn and eve with plaint and tremor
Sought for Ocean's bride;

Nevermore I woo thine echoes,
Never let the oar-blades glance,
Lightly as the wings of heron,
Not to break thy trance.

Long farewell to Inverary!
Gleams no more the white-walled town,
Fallen is the ancient watch-tower,
Hid Ben Büi's frown;
Fades the purple of the moorlands,
Fails the lake's last look of blue
Through the trees of far Arkinglass,
And my heart fails too.

James Payn.

Invermay.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Amang the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this, thy living bloom will fade,
As that will nip the vernal shade;

Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The laverock now and lintwhite sing,
The rocks around with echoes ring;
The mavis and the blackbird gay
In tuneful strains now glad the day;
The woods now wear their summer suits
To mirth all nature now invites:
Let us be blythesome then and gay
Amang the birks of Invermay.

Behold, the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark! how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they
Amang the birks of Invermay.

Inverness.

INVERNESS CASTLE.

DUNCAN. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
BANQUO. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

William Shakespeare.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, "Alas!"
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e.
"Drumossie Moor, — Drumossie-day, —
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be!
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee."

Robert Burns.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THERE lived a lass in Inverness,
She was the pride of a' the town;
Blythe as the lark on gowan-tap,
When frae the nest but newly flown.
At kirk she wan the auld folks' love,
At dance she wan the young men's een;
She was the blythest aye o' the blythe,
At wooster-trystes or Hallowe'en.

As I came in by Inverness,
The simmer sun was sinking down;
O, there I saw the weel-faur'd lass,
And she was greeting through the town;
The gray-haired men were a' i' the streets,
And auld dames crying, (sad to see!)
"The flower o' the lads of Inverness
Lie dead upon Culloden-lee!"

She tore her haffet-links of gowd,
And dighted aye her comely ee;
"My father's head 's on Carlisle wall,
At Preston sleep my brethren three!
I thought my heart could haud nae mair,
Nae tears could ever blin' my ee;
But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart,
A dearer ane there couldna be!

"He trysted me o' love yestreen,
Of love-tokens he gave me three;
But he 's faulded i' the arms o' weir,
O, ne'er again to think o' me!
The forest flowers shall be my bed,
My food shall be the wild berrie,
The fa' o' the leaf shall cover me cauld,
And waukened again I winna be."

O weep, O weep, ye Scottish dames,
Weep till ye blin' a mither's ee;
Nae reeking ha' in fifty miles,
But naked corses, sad to see.
O, spring is blythesome to the year,
Trees sprout, flowers spring, and birds sing hie;
But, O, what spring can raise them up,
That lie on dread Culloden-lee?

The hand o' God hung heavy here,
And lightly touched foul tyrannie;
It struck the righteous to the ground,
And lifted the destroyer hie.

"But there 's a day," quo' my God in prayer,
"When righteousness shall bear the gree;
I 'll rake the wicked low i' the dust,
And wauken, in bliss, the gude man's ee!"

Allan Cunningh

Inversnaid.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

SWEET Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these gray rocks; that household lawn;
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode,—
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
But, O fair creature! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless thee, vision as thou art,—
I bless thee with a human heart;
God shield thee to thy latest years!

Thee neither know I, nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer;
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee *who art* so beautiful?

O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighborhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father, — anything to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then why should I be loath to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl! from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And thee, the spirit of them all!

William Wor

INVERSNAID.

LIKE clouds or streams we wandered on at will,
Three glorious days, till, near our journey's end,
As down the moorland road we straight did wend,
To Wordsworth's 'Inversnaid,' talking to kill
The cold and cheerless drizzle in the air,
'Bove me I saw, at pointing of my friend,
An old fort, like a ghost upon the hill,
Stare in blank misery through the blinding rain,
So human-like it seemed in its despair,
So stunned with grief, — long gazed at it we twain.
Weary and damp we reached our poor abode;
I, warmly seated in the chimney-nook,
Still saw that old fort o'er the moorland road
Stare through the rain with strange woe-wildered look.

Alexander Smith.

INVERSNAID.

IN little boat we lie
Close by the waterfall, at Inversnaid,
Which in a broad thin sheet comes dashing o'er
Brown cliffs, embosomed in green foliage, —
Bright rainbows gleaming in its mist-like spray;
While, from the crevices of neighboring rocks
Spring graceful harebells, nodding in the breeze,
And *mirrored on the* silent lake. Then gusts
Sweep sudden down the glens, a-wrinkling all

The surface of the loch; and veiling clouds
Rest on the mountain peaks. We hear,
Now, Ossian's wildly murmuring wind-swept harp
Wail, echoed from far, lonely, dusky heights.

Andrew James Symington.

Iona.

IONA.

I.

ON to Iona!—What can she afford
To us save matter for a thoughtful sigh,
Heaved over ruin with stability
In urgent contrast? To diffuse the Word
(Thy paramount, mighty Nature! and time's Lord)
Her temples rose, mid pagan gloom; but why,
Even for a moment, has our verse deplored
Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their destiny?
And when, subjected to a common doom
Of mutability, those far-famed piles
Shall disappear from both the sister isles,
Iona's saints, forgetting not past days,
Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,
While heaven's vast sea of voices chants their praise.

II.

How sad a welcome! To each voyager
Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.
Yet is yon neat, trim church a grateful speck
Of novelty amid the sacred wreck
Strewn far and wide. Think, proud philosopher!
Fallen though she be, this glory of the west,
Still on her sons the beams of mercy shine;
And hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright than thine,
A grace by thee unsought and unpossest,
A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine,
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest.

William Wordsworth.

Isla.

THE MAID OF ISLA.

O MAID of Isla, from the cliff,
That looks on troubled wave and sky,
Dost thou not see yon little skiff
Contend with ocean gallantly?
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
And steeped her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge? —
O Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

O Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,
Her white wing gleams through mist and spi
Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,
As to the rock she wheels away; —
Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
Why to the shelter should she come
Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave? —
O maid of Isla, 't is her home!

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,
Thou 'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
And cold as is yon wintry cliff,
Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;
For in thy love or in his grave
Must Allan Vourich find his home.

Sir Walter Sc

Islands of Scotland.

ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

MERRILY, merrily bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale,
The mountain breeze from Ben-nadarch
Is joyous in her sail!
With fluttering sound like laughter hoarse,
The cords and canvas strain,
The waves, divided by her force,

In rippling eddies chase her course,
  As if they laughed again.
Not down the breeze more blithely flew,
Skimming the wave, the light sea-mew,
  Than the gay galley bore
Her course upon that favoring wind,
And Coolin's crest has sunk behind,
  And Slapin's caverned shore.
'T was then that warlike signals wake
Dunscaith's dark towers and Eisord's lake,
And soon, from Cavilgarrigh's head
Thick wreaths of eddying smoke were spread;
A summons these of war and wrath
To the brave clans of Sleat and Strath,
  And, ready at the sight,
Each warrior to his weapon sprung,
And targe upon his shoulder flung,
  Impatient for the fight.
Mac-Kinnon's chief, in warfare gray,
Had charge to muster their array,
And guide their barks to Brodick Bay.

* * * * *

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
  On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
  Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark, and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
  That guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,

Where dark and undisturbed repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And weltered in that wondrous dome
Where, as to shame the temples decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A Minster to her Maker's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolonged and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,
That Nature's voice might seem to say,
"Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Tasked high and hard, — but witness mine

Merrily, merrily goes the bark, —
Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.
They left Loch-Tua on their lee,
And they wakened the men of the wild Ti
And the chief of the sandy Coll;
They paused not at Columba's isle,

Though pealed the bells from the holy pile
With long and measured toll;
No time for matin or for mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons pass
Away in the billows' roll.
Lochbuie's fierce and warlike Lord
Their signal saw, and grasped his sword,
And verdant Ilay called her host,
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast
Lord Ronald's call obey,
And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievreken's roar,
And lonely Colonsay; —
Scenes sung by him who sings no more!
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quenched is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains!

Sir Walter Scott.

Keir.

THE FLOWER OF KEIR.

O, WHAT care I where Love was born!
I know where oft he lingers,
Till night's black curtain 's drawn aside
By morning's rosy fingers.

If you would know, come, follow me,
O'er mountain, moss, and river,
To where the Nith and Scar agree
To flow as one forever.

Pass Kirk-o'-Keir and Clover lea,
Through loanings red with roses;
But pause beside the spreading tree
That Fanny's bower encloses.
There, knitting in her shady grove,
Sits Fanny singing gayly;
Unwitting of the chains of love
She 's forging for us daily.

Like light that brings the blossom forth,
And sets the corn a-growing,
Melts icy mountains in the north,
And sets the streams a-flowing;
So Fanny's eyes, so bright and wise,
Shed loving rays to cheer us,
Her absence gives us wintry skies,
'T is summer when she 's near us!

O, saw ye ever such a face
To waken love and wonder;
A brow with such an arch of grace,
And blue eyes shining under!
Her snaring smiles, sweet nature's wiles,
Are equalled not by many;
Her look it charms, her love it warms,
The flower of Keir is Fanny.

Francis B

Kelburn Castle.

KELBURN CASTLE.

AWAY
From the sea-murmur ceaseless, up between
The green secluding hills, that hem it round
As 't were with conscious love, stands Kelburn House,
With its gray turrets, in baronial state,
A proud memento of the days when men
Thought but of war and safety. Stately pile
And lovely woods! not often have mine eyes
Gazed o'er a scene more picturesque, or more
Heart-touching in its beauty. Thou wert once
The guardian of these valleys, and the foe
Approaching heard, between himself and thee,
The fierce, down-thundering, mocking waterfall;
While, on thy battlements, in glittering mail,
The warder glided; and the sentinel,
As neared the stranger horseman to thy gates,
And gave the password, which no answer found,
Plucked from his quiver the unerring shaft,
Which, from Kilwinning's spire, had oft brought down
The mock Papingo.

Mournfully, alas!
Yet in thy quietude not desolate,
Now, like a relic of the times gone by,
Down from thy verdant throne, upon the sea,
Which glitters like a sheet of molten gold,

Thou lookest thus, at eventide, while sets,
In opal and in amethystine hues,
The day o'er distant Arran, with its peaks
Sky-piercing, yet o'erclad with winter's snows
In desolate grandeur; and the cottaged fields
Of nearer Bute smile in their vernal green,
A picture of repose. High overhead
The gull, far-shrieking, through yon stern ravine
Of wild, rude rocks, where brawls the mountain strean
Wings to the sea, and seeks, beyond its foams,
Its own precipitous cliff upon the coast
Of fair and fertile Cumbrae; while the rook,
Conscious of coming eventide, forsakes
The leafing woods, and round the chimneyed roofs
Caws as he wheels, alights, and then anon
Renews his circling flight in clamorous joy.

Mountains that face bald Arran! though the sun
Now, with the ruddy lights of eventide,
Gilds every pastoral summit on which Peace,
Like a descended angel, sits enthroned,
Forth gazing on a scene as beautiful
As Nature e'er outspread for mortal eye;
And but the voice of distant waterfall
Sings lullaby to bird and beast, and wings
Of insects murmurous, multitudinous,
That in the low, red, level beams commix,
And weave their elfin dance, — another time
And other tones were yours, when on each peak
At hand, and through Argyle and Lanark shires,
Startling black midnight, flared the beacon lights,

And when from out the west the castled steep
Of Broadwick reddened with responsive blaze.
A night was that of doubt and of suspense,
Of danger and of daring, in the which
The fate of Scotland in the balance hung
Trembling, and up and down wavered the scales;
But Hope grew brighter with the rising sun,
And Dawn looked out, to see upon the shore
The Bruce's standard floating on the gale,
A call to freedom! — barks from every isle
Pouring with clumps of spears! — from every dell
The throng of mail-clad men! — vassal and lord,
With ponderous curtal-axe, and broadsword keen,
Banner and bow; while, overhead, afar
And near, the bugles rang amid the rocks,
Echoing in wild reverberation shrill,
And scaring from his heathery lair the deer,
The osprey from his island cliff of rest.

* * * * *

David Macbeth Moir.

Kelvin Grove.

KELVIN GROVE.

LET us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O!
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O
Where the rose in all her pride

Paints the hollow dingle-side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, C

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O!
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O!
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring water's fall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, (

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O!
When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O!
There the May pink's crimson plume
Throws a soft but sweet perfume
Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, (

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, (
As the smile of fortune 's thine, bonnie lassie, O
Yet with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O!

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O!
Ere yon golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O!

Then farewell to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O!
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O!
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant-scented breer,
Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O!

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O!
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O!
Then, Helen! shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!

Thomas Lyle.

Kelvin Water.

TO KELVIN WATER.

SEQUESTERED stream! I saw year after year
The noxious town expanding, street on street,
Blighting the rural charms of thy retreat,
Where whispering lovers, no intruders near,
Walked hand in hand; where oft with stealthy feet
I hied along thy banks at morn, to hear
The small shrill wren the spring's reveille beat:
And as a bird, when robbed by driving sleet
Or cruel imps of half its fledglings dear,
Clings but the closer to the few still left,
So I to thee while one tree was uncleft;
But every vestige of the forest gone,
Like the same bird when reft of all her brood,
Who pours her mournful ditty through the wood,
I sing thy dirge far off, and all alone.

James Cochrane.

Kenmore.

VERSES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL OVER THE CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE PARLOR OF THE INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
The abodes of covied grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till famed Breadálbane opens to my view.
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides;
The woods, wild scattered, clothe their ample sides;
The outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride;
The palace, rising on its verdant side;
The lawns, wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village, glittering in the noontide beam —

* * * * *

Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods —

* * * * *

Here Poesy might wake her Heaven-taught lyre,
And look through nature with creative fire;
Here to the wrongs of Fate half reconciled,
Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
And injured Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *

Robert Burns.

Kilbrandon, the Sound.

KILBRANNON.

"MY love, braid up thy golden locks,
And don thy silken shoon,
We 'll sit upon Kilbrannon's rocks,
Where shines the silvery moon;
And bring thy little babe with thee,
For his dear father's sake,
The lands where he 'll be lord to see,
By lone Kilbrannon lake."

She 's braided up her golden locks,
She 's donned her silken shoon,
And they 're away to Kilbrannon's rocks
By the cold light of the moon:

Sir Hubert he took both wife and child
Upon that night of woe,
And hurled them over the rocks so wild,
To the lake's blue depths below.

And he has married another May,
With the locks of ebonie,
And her looks are sweet, and her heart is gay,
Yet a woful wight is he;
He wakes the woods with his bugle-horn,
But his heart is heavy and sore;
And he ever shuns those crags forlorn
By lone Kilbrannon shore.

For down in the lake the dead won't rest,
That vengeful murdered one;
With her little babe at her pulseless breast,
She walks the waters lone;
And she calls at night her murderer's name,
And will call forevermore,
Till the huge rocks melt in doomsday flame
By wild Kilbrannon shore.

Robert Dwyer Joyce.

Kilchurn Castle.

ADDRESS TO KILCHURN CASTLE.

"From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view,—a ruined castle on an island (for an island the flood had made it) at some distance from the shore, backed by a cove of the mountain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The castle occupied every foot of the island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water,—mists rested upon the mountain-side, with spots of sunshine; there was a wild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the castle was wild, yet stately, — not dismantled of turrets, nor the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin."—*Extract from the Journal of my Companion.*

CHILD of loud-throated War! the mountain stream
Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age,
Save when the wind sweeps by and sounds are caught
Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.
O, there is life that breathes not! Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick, in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of. What art thou, from care
Cast off, abandoned by thy rugged sire,
Nor by soft peace adopted; though in place
And in dimension such that thou might'st seem
But a mere footstool to yon sovereign lord,
Huge Cruachan (a thing that meaner hills
Might crush, nor know that it had suffered harm),
Yet he, not loath, in favor of thy claims
To reverence, *suspends* his own; submitting
All that the God of nature hath conferred,

All that he holds in common with the stars,
To the memorial majesty of time
Impersonated in thy calm decay!
Take, then, thy seat, vicegerent unreproved!
Now, while a farewell gleam of evening light
Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,
Do thou, in turn, be paramount; and rule
Over the pomp and beauty of a scene
Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and woods ur
To pay thee homage; and with these are joine
In willing admiration and respect,
Two hearts, which in thy presence might be ca
Youthful as spring. Shade of departed power,
Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
The chronicle were welcome that should call
Into the compass of distinct regard
The toils and struggles of thy infant years!
Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance; so, majestic pile,
To the perception of this age, appear
Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued
And quieted in character, — the strife,
The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades![1]

William Words

[1] The tradition is, that the castle was built by a lady during t
sence of her lord in Palestine.

Kilda, the Island.

KILDA.

FAR in the watery waste, where his broad wave,
From world to world, the vast Atlantic rolls
On from the piny shores of Labrador
To frozen Thulé east, her airy height
Aloft to heaven remotest Kilda lifts;
Last of the sea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
In filial train, Britannia's parent coast.
Thrice happy land! though freezing on the verge
Of arctic skies, yet blameless still of arts
That polish to deprave each softer clime;
With simple nature, simple virtue blest!
Beyond Ambition's walk; where never War
Upreared his sanguine standard, nor unsheathed
For wealth or power the desolating sword;
Where Luxury, soft siren, who around
To thousand nations deals her nectared cup
Of pleasing bane, that soothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown. But calm content
That lives to reason; ancient faith that binds
The plain community of guileless hearts
In love and union; innocence of ill
Their guardian genius: these the powers that rule
This little world, to all its sons secure;
Man's happiest life; the soul serene and sound
From passion's rage, the body from disease.

Red on each cheek behold the rose of health;
Firm in each sinew vigor's pliant spring,
By temperance braced to peril and to pain
Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount,
For food or pastime. These light up their morn
And close their eve in slumbers sweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling swell
Of ocean's raging sound. But last and best,
What avarice, what ambition shall not know,
True liberty is theirs, the heaven-sent guest,
Who in the cave, or on the uncultured wild,
With independence dwells; and peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their sun that never sets.

David Ma

Killiecrankie.

KILLICRANKIE.

WHARE ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare ha'e ye been sae brankie, O?
Whare ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
Came ye by Killicrankie, O?
An ye had been whare I ha'e been,
Ye wadna been sae cantie, O;
And ye had seen what I ha'e seen,
I' the braes o' Killicrankie, O.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my auntie, O;
But I met the devil and Dundee,
On the braes o' Killicrankie, O;
An ye had been, etc.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
And Clavers gat a clankie, O,
Or I had fed an Athol gled
On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.
An ye had been, etc.

O fie, Mackay, what gart ye lie
I' the bush ayont the brankie, O?
Ye 'd better kissed King Willie's loof,
Than come to Killicrankie, O.
It 's nae shame, it 's nae shame,
It 's nae shame to shank ye, O;
There 's sour slaes on Athol braes,
And deils at Killicrankie, O.

Anonymous.

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY.

AN INVASION BEING EXPECTED, OCTOBER, 1803.

SIX thousand veterans, practised in war's game,
Tried men, at Killicranky were arrayed
Against an equal host that wore the plaid,
Shepherds and herdsmen. Like a whirlwind came
The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame;

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And Garry, thundering down his mountain-road,
Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the load
Of the dead bodies. 'T was a day of shame
For them whom precept and the pedantry
Of cold, mechanic battle do enslave.
O for a single hour of that Dundee,
Who on that day the word of onset gave!
Like conquest would the men of England see,
And her foes find a like inglorious grave.

William Wordsworth.

Killin.

KILLIN.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED MANSION, AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR KILLIN.

WELL sang the bard who called the grave, in strains
Thoughtful and sad, the "narrow house." No style
Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile
Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he detains
The sleeping dust, stern Death. How reconcile
With truth, or with each other, decked remains
Of a once warm abode, and that new pile,
For the departed, built with curious pains
And mausolean pomp? Yet here they stand
Together, — *mid* trim walks and artful bowers,

To be looked down upon by ancient hills,
That, for the living and the dead, demand
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

William Wordsworth.

Kilmaronock.

KILMARONOCK.

AT Kilmaronock we have loitered long,
In lovely bosky nooks, by murmuring streams;
Where leafy bowers afford a pleasing shade
From sun at noontide; where the air, rich laden
With odors of wild thyme and meadow-sweet,
Is musical with hum of mountain bees,
And insects dancing in the bright sunbeams.
Birds, too, on bush, or in the ferny brake,
Trill joyously their dulcet warblings wild,
Or pipe forth mellow flute-like notes. Sweet-brier,
Wild rose, and scented honeysuckle, form
Our sylvan bower, and gracefully entwine
The rustic bridge.
These left, — lo! now we gaze
Upon the glittering level of the lake,
Cool, fresh, and crystalline. A little boat
Lies on its brink, and yonder, bearing oars,
The farmer and his lad, — both rowers skilled,
Though they have now been leading in the hay:
Rough hand, but honest heart, — with greeting warm,

The farmer recognizes, hails us friends;
For some of us have known him long and well.
The boat is launched! O joy! we are afloat
Upon Lochlomond's placid silvery tide!

Andrew James Symington.

Kilravock.

KILRAVOCK TOWER.

FORLORN old tower! that lookest sadly down
Upon the river glittering in the light,
Upon the green leaves of the clambering woods,
And o'er the wide expanse of mountain-land,
How many tales thine ancient walls might tell!
And yet, thou silent undivulging tower,
What couldst thou tell us that we do not know?
The matter of all history is the same.
Time in all changes can but iterate
The morn and eve, the noontime and the night,
The spring's fresh promise and the autumnal fruit,
The leaves of summer and the winter's snow;
And human story still repeats itself, —
The form may differ, but the soul remains.

Four hundred years ago, when thou wert built,
Men erred and suffered; — truth and falsehood waged
One with the other their perpetual war;
And justice and injustice, right and wrong,

Succumbed and triumphed as they do to-day.
The young heart loved with passionate earnestness,
The old heart scorned all follies but its own;
And joy and sorrow, jealousy, revenge,
Lusty ambition, skulking avarice,
Patience and zeal, and persecuting rage,
Pity and hope, and charity and love, —
All good and evil passions of the mind,
Brightened or darkened, O thou mouldering wall!
Through all the landscape of humanity.

Couldst thou divulge whatever thou hast seen,
Thou couldst but call these spirits from the past
To read us lessons. Ancient tower! thy voice
Need not instruct us; for we look around
On highways or on byways of our life,
And find no sorrow of the ancient days
Unparalleled in ours; no love sublime,
No patient and heroic tenderness,
No strong endurance in adversity,
No womanly or manly grace of mind,
That we could not, if every truth were known,
Match with its fellow in our later days.
So keep, old tower, thy secrets to thyself!
There 's not a hovel in the crowded town,
That could not tell us tomes of histories
Of good and evil, wonderful as thine.

Charles Mackay.

Kinrara.

KINRARA.

RED gleams the sun on yon hill-tap,
The dew sits on the gowan;
Deep murmurs through her glens the S
Around Kinrara rowan.
Where art thou, fairest, kindest lass?
Alas! wert thou but near me,
Thy gentle soul, thy melting eye,
Would ever, ever cheer me.

The laverock sings among the clouds,
The lambs they sport so cheerie,
And I sit weeping by the birk:
O, where art thou, my dearie?
Aft may I meet the morning dew,
Lang greet till I be weary;
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid!
Thou canna be my dearie.

Robert

Kintore.

THE LASS O' KINTORE.

AT hame or afield I am cheerless an' lone,
I 'm dull on the Ury, an' droop by the
Their murmur is noisy, and fashious to hea
An' the lay o' the lintie fa's dead on my

I hide frae the morn, and whaur naebody sees;
I greet to the burnie, an' sich to the breeze;
Though I sich till I 'm silly, an' greet till I dee,
Kintore is the spot in this world for me.
But the lass o' Kintore, O, the lass o' Kintore,
Be warned awa' frae the lass o' Kintore;
There 's a love-luring look that I ne'er kent afore
Steals cannily hame to the heart at Kintore.

They bid me forget her, O, how can it be?
In kindness or scorn she 's ever wi' me;
I feel her fell frown in the lift's frosty blue,
An' I weel ken her smile in the lily's saft hue.
I try to forget her, but canna forget,
I 've liket her lang, an' I aye like her yet;
My poor heart may wither, may waste to its core,
But forget her, O never! the lass o' Kintore!
O, the wood o' Kintore, the holmes o' Kintore!
The love-lichtin' ee that I ken at Kintore;
I 'll wander afar, an' I 'll never look more
On the gray glance o' Peggy, or bonnie Kintore!

William Thom.

Kirconnell.

FAIR HELEN.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thoı
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succor me!

O, think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak na
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell Lee;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I 'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart forevermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,

Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

Anonymous.

Kyle.

COILA.

THE district of Kyle, personified under the appellation of Coila. Burns afterwards assumed Coila as the name of his Muse.

AULD Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
She 's gotten poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measured style;

She lay like some unkenned-of isle
Beside New Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay and famous Fergusson
Gied Forth and Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow and Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings;
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,
Naebody sings.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, and Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line;
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
And cock your crest,
We 'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best!

We 'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather-bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died!

O, sweet are Coila's haughs and woods
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Even winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave through the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,
Darkening the day!

* * * * *

Robert Burns.

Lammermoor.

LAMMERMOOR.

O WILD and stormy Lammermoor!
Would I could feel once more
The cold north-wind, the wintry blast,
That sweeps thy mountains o'er.
Would I could see thy drifted snow
Deep, deep in cleuch and glen,
And hear the scream of the wild birds,
And was free on thy hills again!

I hate this dreary southern land,
I weary day by day

For the music of thy many streams
In the birchwoods far away!
From all I love they banish me,
But my thoughts they cannot chain
And they bear me back, wild Lammer
To thy distant hills again!

Lady J

THE LASS OF LAMMERMOOR.

I MET a lass on Lammermoor
Atween the corn and blooming heatl
Around her neck red gowd she wore,
And in her cap she wore a feather;
Her step was light, her eyes were brigh
Her face shone out like summer weatl
"Birds sing, sweet lass, they love to see
Sic beauty 'mang the blooming heathe

O, sic a geck she gave her head,
And sic a toss she gave her feather,
"Man, saw ye ne'er a bonnie lass
Before amang the blooming heather?"
"Pass on, pass on, so fair a ane
Might be less scornfu'; I would rathe
Ha'e one whom I ken in her snood,
Than thee in thy bright cap and feath

Allan Cu

Lanark.

LANARK MILLS.

ADIEU! romantic banks of Clyde,
Where oft I 've spent the joyful day;
Now, weary wandering on thy side,
I pour the plaintive, joyless lay.
To other lands I 'm doomed to rove,
The thought with grief my bosom fills;
Why am I forced to leave my love,
And wander far from Lanark Mills?

Can I forget the ecstatic hours,
When ('scaped the village evening din)
I met my lass midst Braxfield bowers,
Or near the falls of Corhouse Linn!
While close I clasped her to my breast,
(The idea still with rapture thrills!)
I thought myself completely blest
By all the lads of Lanark Mills.

Deceitful, dear, delusive dream,
Thou 'rt fled, — alas! I know not where,
And vanished is each blissful gleam,
And left behind a load of care.
Adieu! dear winding banks of Clyde,
A long farewell, ye rising hills;
No more I 'll wander on your side,
Though still my heart 's at Lanark Mills.

While Tintock stands the pride of hills,
  While Clyde's dark stream rolls to the sea,
So long, my dear-loved Lanark Mills,
  May Heaven's best blessings smile on thee.
A last adieu! my Mary dear,
  The briny tear my eye distils;
While reason's powers continue clear,
  I 'll think of thee and Lanark Mills.

Stuart Lewis.

Langside.

LANGSIDE.

SEE! from this hill, where through the vale there runs
The river, sparkling in the setting sun;
And yon gray church which stands amid the trees,
Beneath whose silent shade full many a mound
Entombs some noble heart; see! that bright field,
Where waves a harvest full of golden grain,
Sprung from a soil made rich by human blood;
As if it strove, but strove in vain, to pay
The debt it owed to beauty's fairest queen,
When from yon rising ground she saw, with tears,
The flower of all her chivalry dispersed,
And bade her last fond cherished hopes adieu!
And whither did she fly? ah! this recalls
My thoughts when wandering through that stately pile,
Where Britain, like a mother, fondly stores

The mouldering relics of her noblest sons,
And of her fairest daughters; there I saw
A face, in marble even beautiful;
Made yet more fair by contrast with a foe
To whom she fled for safety, but alas!
Found less than when she stood defeated on that field.

John Hutcheson Millar.

Larbert.

RURAL SCENERY.

RECEDED hills afar of softened blue,
Tall bowering trees, through which the sunbeams shoot
Down to the waveless lake, birds never mute,
And wild-flowers all around of every hue, —
Sure 't is a lovely scene. There, knee-deep stand,
Safe from the fierce sun, the o'ershadowed kine,
And to the left, where cultured fields expand,
Mid tufts of scented thorn the sheep recline.
Lone quiet farmsteads, haunts that ever please,
O, how inviting to the traveller's eye
Ye rise on yonder uplands, mid your trees
Of shade and shelter! Every sound from these
Is eloquent of peace, in earth and sky,
And pastoral beauty, and Arcadian ease.

David Macbeth Moir.

Leith.

WERE YE AT THE PIER O' LEITH?

WERE ye at the pier o' Leith?
Or came in by Bannochie?
Crossed ye at the boat o' Craig?—
Saw ye the lad wha courted me?

Short hose an' belted plaidie,
Garters tyed below his knee;
O, he was a bonnie lad,
The blythe lad wha courted me!

O, weary fa' the lang yellow broom,
Gaur'd me gang kilted to the knee,
May the sleekie bird ne'er build a nest
That sung to see the hawk wi' me!

* * * * *

Anonyme

Leven, the River.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide,
The ruthless pike, intent on war,
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flowered with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gayly green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen:
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrowned with toil;
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

Tobias George Smollett.

THE BONNY LASS O' LEVEN WATER.

THOUGH siller Tweed rin o'er the lea,
An' dark the Dee 'mang Highland heathe
Yet siller Tweed an' drumly Dee
Are not sae dear as Leven Water:
When Nature formed our favorite isle,
An a' her sweets began to scatter,
She looked, with fond, approving smile,
Alang the banks o' Leven Water.

On flowery braes, at gloamin' gray,
'T is sweet to scent the primrose springin';
Or through the woodlands green to stray,
In ilka buss the mavis singin':
But sweeter than the woodlands green,
Or primrose painted fair by Nature,
Is she wha smiles, a rural queen,
The bonny lass o' Leven Water!

The sunbeam in the siller dew,
That hangs upon the hawthorn's blossom,
Shines faint beside her e'en sae blue;
An' purer is her spotless bosom.
Her smile wad thaw a hermit's breast;
There 's love an' truth in ilka feature;
For her I 'm past baith wark an' rest,
The bonny lass o' Leven Water!

But I 'm a lad o' laigh degree,
Her purse-proud daddy 's dour an' saucy;

An' sair the carle wad scowl on me,
For speakin' to his dawtit lassie:
But were I laird o' Leven's glen,
An' she a humble shepherd's daughter,
I 'd kneel, an' court her for my ain,
The bonny lass o' Leven Water!

Alexander Balfour.

TO LEVEN WATER,

ON A RAILWAY BEING MADE ON ITS BANKS.

HAIL, gentle stream! They tell me thou art changed,
That on thy banks no eglantine is seen,
For rural song of shepherd heard at e'en,
As when, a boy, thy tangled groves I ranged.
Affection knows no change, and will not know,
In her loved object; she who day by day
Sits by the couch of sickness, sees not grow
Fainter and still more faint the pulse's play;
Mistakes for coming health the hectic glow,
Till naught is left but the cold, lifeless clay:
Even so before my eyes, year after year,
Inroads were made upon thy rural fame,
But I ne'er saw them till the crisis came,
And then the change, alas! was all too clear.

James Cochrane.

LOCH LEVEN'S GENTLE STREAM.

I 'VE gazed upon the rapid Rhine,
I 've seen its waters foam and shine;
I 've watched its cascades, wild and bright,
Leap proudly on, in rainbow light;
Its waves have charmed my dazzled eye,
Like molten silver dashing by:
Still, still, I could not love the Rhine;
The land it watered was not mine:
I sighed to see the moon's mild beam
Fall on Loch Leven's gentle stream!

I 've wandered by the placid Rhone,
When night was on her starry throne;
I 've looked upon the Tiber's tide,
And plucked the wild-flowers by its side;
I 've heard the gondolier's wild note
O'er the Lagoon's fair waters float:
Still, still, I turned, with willing feet,
My native North again to greet!
Again to see the moon's mild beam
Fall on Loch Leven's gentle stream!

Eliza C

Liddel, the River.

THE LIDDEL RIVER.

BUT if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry. Such, through the bounds
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such
The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the stream
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddel; till now, except in Doric lays
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song: though not a purer stream,
Through meads more flowery, more romantic groves,
Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred flood!
May still thy hospitable swains be blessed
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
Forever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!

John Armstrong.

Liddesdale.

LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON.

LOCK the door, Lariston, lion of Liddisdale,
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on,
The Armstrongs are flying,
Their widows are crying,
The Castletown 's burning, and Oliver 's gone;
Lock the door, Lariston, — high on the weather-gleam
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky,
Yeoman and carbineer,
Billman and halberdier;
Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry.

Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar,
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed gray,
Hidley and Howard there,
Wandale and Windermere, —
Lock the door, Lariston, hold them at bay.
Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston?
Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye?
Thou bold Border ranger,
Beware of thy danger, —
Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh.

Jock Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
His hand grasped the sword with a nervous embrace;
"Ah, welcome, brave foemen,

On earth there are no men
re gallant to meet in the foray or chase!
tle know you of the hearts I have hidden here,
tle know you of our moss-troopers' might,
Lindhope and Sorby true,
Sundhope and Milburn too,
ıtle in manner, but lions in fight!

've Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and Netherby,
l Sim of Whitram, and all his array;
Come, all Northumberland,
Teesdale and Cumberland,
re at the Breaken Tower end shall the fray."
›wled the broad sun o'er the links of green Liddisdale,
l as the beacon-light tipped he the wold;
Many a bold martial eye
Mirrored that morning sky,
ver more oped on his orbit of gold!

ill was the bugle's note, dreadful the warrior shout,
ıces and halberts in splinters were borne;
Halberd and hauberk then
Braved the claymore in vain,
›kler and armlet in shivers were shorn.
how they wane, the proud files of the Windermere,
ward, — ah! woe to thy hopes of the day!
Hear the wide welkin rend,
While the Scots' shouts ascend,
lliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye!"

James Hogg.

Lincluden Abbey.

A VISION.

AS I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care,

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruined wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favors, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turned mine eyes,
And by the moonbeam shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posy, — Libertie!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might roused the slumbering dead to hear;
But O, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He weeping wailed his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur 't in my rhymes.

Robert Burns.

LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

AGAIN, our evening's meditation turns
Not upon God, but on God-gifted man:
Thus to Lincluden's Abbey once we walked,
In the mild twilight of a burning day,
With one, a poet of the truest grain,
Who erst on Acksbeck's Mount stood by the Fiend,
And probed the sultry secrets of his heart.
Autumn had barely touched the summer's brow
With one cool finger of her matron hand;
The sky was clear and burnished in its depth,
While here and there an early star peeped through,
Perplexed and bashful in her solitude.
All in the vale was silent, save the Nith,
Singing, we thought, some "owreturn" from her bard,

Her long since dead but unforgotten Burns;
Her voice now "crooning," in a lowly tone,
The old lament upon "Drummossie Moor";
Now blithely breaking into "Auld Lang Syne";
Now, as it met some bold and battling rock,
Rasping out "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled";
And now, as the lone Abbey drew anear,
Moaning some unintelligible dirge,
Like the "Bard's Elegy" by river sung;
And then, the river left, the ruin rose,
The same as when the form of Liberty
Appeared, and dauntless met his kindling eye;
The while the fox was howling on the hill,
And the dim distant echo gave reply.
We entered with hushed hearts the ruined fane,—
When, lo! as if with sudden hand, a torch
Some spirit of the night had lifted up,
To show us all the secrets of the pile,
The full large yellow moon of harvest rose,
And filled the oriel window with her form,
And poured a soft and softening smile around.
Often we thought the poet's troubled soul
Has held a tryste here with that lovely moon,
And oft his sad eye has been soothed by hers;
Till, as he turned his lingering footsteps home,
Came rushing back the joys of early youth,
And he his poverty and woe forgot,
And was again the happy boy of Doon,
In 's hand the sickle, on his lips the song,
And in his heart the first pure gush of love.

George Gilf

TO THE RUINS OF LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

YE holy walls, that still sublime
Resist the crumbling touch of Time,
How strongly still your form displays
The piety of ancient days.
As through your ruins hoar and gray —
Ruins, yet beauteous in decay —
The silvery moonbeams trembling fly,
The forms of ages long gone by
Crowd thick on Fancy's wondering eye,
And wake the soul to musings high.
Even now, as lost in thought profound,
I view the solemn scene around,
And pensive gaze with wistful eyes,
The past returns, the present flies;
Again the dome, in pristine pride,
Lifts high its roof, and arches wide,
That, knit with curious tracery,
Each Gothic ornament display;
The high-arched windows, painted fair,
Show many a saint and martyr there;
As on their slender forms I gaze,
Methinks they brighten to a blaze;
With noiseless step and taper bright,
What are yon forms that meet my sight?
Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heavenward raised in ecstasy: —
'T is the fair, spotless vestal train,

That seeks in prayer the midnight fane.
And hark! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around?
'T is the soft-chanted choral song,
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong:
Till thence returned they softly stray
O'er Cluden's wave with fond delay;
Now on the rising gale swell high,
And now in fainting murmurs die:
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream
That glistens in the pale moon's beam,
Suspend their dashing oars to hear
The holy anthem, loud and clear;
Each worldly thought awhile forbear,
And mutter forth a half-formed prayer.
But as I gaze, the vision fails,
Like frost-work touched by southern gales;
The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
And all the splendid scene 's decayed.
In window fair the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain,
But through the broken glass the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale.
The bird of eve flits sullen by,
Her home these aisles and arches high.
The choral hymn, that erst so clear
Broke softly sweet on Fancy's ear,
Is drowned amid the mournful scream
That breaks the magic of my dream:
Roused by the sound, I start and see
The ruined, sad reality.

Ascribed to Robert Burn

Lindores Abbey.

THE FOLK AT LINDORES.

O, WEEL may I mind on the folk at Lindores;
Though it 's lang sin' I had onie troke at Lindores;
For the blythe winter night
Flew o'er us fu' light,
Wi' the sang, an' the crack, an' the joke at Lindores.

The auld wife an' the lasses would spin at Lindores;
An' the auld man to tales would begin at Lindores,
How in days o' his youth
The red rebels cam' south,
An' spulzied the feck o' his kin at Lindores.

An' he 'd tell monie strange says and saws at Lindores;
How he hated the dominie's tawse at Lindores,
How i' the lang day
The truan' he 'd play,
An' set aff to herrie the craws at Lindores.

An' he 'd sing monie an auld-warld rhyme at Lindores;
An' tell o' the covenant time at Lindores;
How Clavers, fell chiel'!
Was in league wi' the deil,
How a ball stottit ance aff his wame at Lindores.

They were *kind to ilk* body that came to Lindores,
To the puir, an' the blind, an' the lame at Lindores;

Wi' handfu's o' meal,
An' wi' platefu's o' kale,
An' the stranger was sure o' a hame at Lindores.

But the auld man 's departed this life at Lindores;
An' a tear 's in the e'e o' the wife at Lindores;
I dinna weel ken
Whan I 'll be there again,
But sorrow, I 'm fearin', is rife at Lindores.

James Stirling

Linlithgow.

LINLITHGOW.

OF all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!
The wild-buck bells from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake;
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see all nature gay.
But June is, to our Sovereign dear,
The heaviest month in all the year;
Too well his cause of grief you know,

June saw his father's overthrow.
Woe to the traitors who could bring
The princely boy against his king!
Still in his conscience burns the sting.
In offices as strict as Lent,
King James's June is ever spent.

Sir Walter Scott.

Lochaber.

LOCHABER.

ıREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I have mony a day been;
Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
ɜe tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
not for the dangers attending on weir;
ıgh borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
be to return to Lochaber no more!

ıgh hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
tempest can equal the storm in my mind;
ıgh loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
eave thee behind me my heart is sair pained,
by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained.
beauty and love 's the reward of the brave;
ſ *maun* deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And losing thy favor I 'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,
And if I should chance to come glorious hame,
I 'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er
And then I 'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Allan Ramsay

Loch Achray.

LOCH ACHRAY.

THE Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray, —
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand! —
There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyry nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.

Sir Walter Scott

Loch Corriskin (Coruisk).

LOCH CORRISKIN.

AWHILE their route they silent made,
As men who stalk for mountain-deer,
Till the good Bruce to Ronald said,
"Saint Mary! what a scene is here!
I 've traversed many a mountain-strand,
Abroad and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led;
Thus many a waste I 've wandered o'er,
Clomb many a crag, crossed many a moor,
But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where'er I happed to roam."

No marvel thus the Monarch spake;
For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shattered way
Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,

Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen, but this, can show
Some touch of nature's genial glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,
And copse on Cruchan-Ben;
But here,—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree nor shrub nor plant nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken;
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side.

And wilder, forward as they wound,
Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.
Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude and cumbered track;
For from the mountain hoar,
Hurled headlong in some night of fear,
When yelled the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er;
And some, chance-poised and balanced, lay
So that a stripling arm might sway
A mass no host could raise,
In Nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone

On its precarious base.
The evening mists, with ceaseless change,
Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare,
And round the skirts their mantle furled,
Or on the sable waters curled,
Or on the eddying breezes whirled,
Dispersed in middle air.
And oft, condensed, at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
Pours like a torrent down,
And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whitened with foam a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown.

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose barriers drear
Are precipices sharp and sheer,
Yielding no track for goat or deer,
Save the black shelves we tread,
How term you its dark waves? and how
Yon northern mountain's pathless brow,
And yonder peak of dread,
That to the evening sun uplifts
The grisly gulfs and slaty rifts,
Which seam its shivered head?"
"Coriskin call the dark lake's name,
Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,
From old Cuchullin, chief of fame.
But bards, familiar in our isles
Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles,
Full oft their careless humors please

By sportive names from scenes like these.
I would old Torquil were to show
His maidens with their breasts of snow,
Or that my noble Liege were nigh
To hear his Nurse sing lullaby!
(The Maids, — tall cliffs with breakers white,
The Nurse, — a torrent's roaring might,)
Or that your eye could see the mood
Of Corryvrekin's whirlpool rude,
When dons the Hag her whitened hood, —
'T is thus our islesmen's fancy frames,
For scenes so stern, fantastic names."

Answered the Bruce, "And musing mind
Might here a graver moral find.
These mighty cliffs, that heave on high
Their naked brows to middle sky,
Indifferent to the sun or snow,
Where naught can fade and naught can blow,
May they not mark a monarch's fate, —
Raised high mid storms of strife and state,
Beyond life's lowlier pleasures placed,
His soul a rock, his heart a waste?
O'er hope and love and fear aloft
High rears his crowénd head. But soft!
Look, underneath yon jutting crag
Are hunters and a slaughtered stag.
Who may they be? But late you said
No steps these desert regions tread!"

Sir Walter Scott

LOCH CORUISK.

I.

THE MOTION OF THE MISTS.

HERE by the sunless lake there is no air,
Yet with how ceaseless motion, like a shower
Flowing and fading, do the high mists lower
Amid the gorges of the mountains bare.
Some weary breathing never ceases there, —
The barren peaks can feel it hour by hour;
The purple depths are darkened by its power;
A soundless breath, a trouble all things share
That feel it come and go. See! onward swim
The ghostly mists, from silent land to land,
From gulf to gulf; now the whole air grows dim, —
Like living men, darkling a space, they stand.
But lo! a sunbeam, like the cherubim,
Scatters them onward with a flaming brand.

II.

CORUISK.

I THINK this is the very stillest place
On all God's earth, and yet no rest is here.
The vapors mirrored in the black loch's face
Drift on like frantic shapes and disappear;
A never-ceasing murmur in mine ear
Tells me of waters wild that flow and flow.

There is no rest at all afar or near,
Only a sense of things that moan and go.
And lo! the still small life these limbs contain
I feel flows on like those, restless and proud;
Before that breathing naught within my brain
Pauses, but all drifts on like mist and cloud;
Only the bald peaks and the stones remain,
Frozen before thee, desolate and bowed.

III.

THE HILLS ON THEIR THRONES.

Ghostly and livid, robed with shadow, see!
Each mighty mountain silent on its throne,
From foot to scalp one stretch of livid stone,
Without one gleam of grass or greenery.
Silent they take the immutable decree, —
Darkness or sunlight come, — they do not stir;
Each bare brow, lifted desolately free,
Keepeth the silence of a death-chamber.
Silent they watch each other until doom;
They see each other's phantoms come and go,
Yet stir not. Now the stormy hour brings gloom,
Now all things grow confused and black below,
Specific through the cloudy drift they loom,
And each accepts his individual woe.

IV.

KING BLAABHEIN.

MONARCH of these is Blaabhein. On his height
The lightning and the snow sleep side by side,
Like snake and lamb; he waiteth in a white
And wintry consecration. All his pride
Is husht this dimly gleaming autumn day, —
He broodeth o'er the things he hath beheld, —
Beneath his feet the rains crawl still and gray,
Like phantoms of the mighty men of eld.
A quiet awe the dreadful heights doth fill,
The high clouds pause and brood above their king;
The torrent murmurs gently as a rill;
Softly and low the winds are murmuring:
A small black speck above the snow, how still
Hovers the eagle, with no stir of wing!

V.

BLAABHEIN IN THE MISTS.

WATCH but a moment, — all is changed! A moan
Breaketh the beauty of that noonday dream;
The hoary Titan darkens on his throne,
And with an indistinct and senile scream
Gazes at the wild rains as past they stream,
Through vaporous air wild-blowing on his brow;
All black, from scalp to base there is no gleam,

Even his silent snows are faded now.
Watch yet! — and yet! — Behold, and all is don
'T was but the shallow shapes that come and g
Troubling the mimic picture in the eye.
Still and untroubled sits the kingly one.
Yonder the eagle floats, — there sleeps the sno
Against the pale green of the cloudless sky.

Robert Buch

Loch Erroch.

LOCH-ERROCH SIDE.

AS I cam' by Loch-Erroch side,
The lofty hills surveying,
The water clear, the heather blooms,
Their fragrance sweet conveying;
I met, unsought, my lovely maid,
I found her like May morning;
With graces sweet, and charms so rare,
Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,
While in my arms I prest her!
And she her wishes scarce concealed,
As fondly I caressed her.
She said, "If that your heart be true,
If constantly you 'll love me,
I heed not care nor fortune's frowns,
For naught but death shall move me.

"But faithful, loving, true, and kind,
Forever thou shalt find me;
And of our meeting here so sweet,
Loch-Erroch sweet shall mind me."
Enraptured then, "My lovely lass,"
I cried, "no more we 'll tarry!
We 'll leave the fair Loch-Erroch side,
For lovers soon should marry."

James Tytler.

Loch Etive.

THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE.

"THIS land of rainbows spanning glens whose walls,
Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-colored mists,
Of far-stretched meres whose salt flood never rests,
Of tuneful caves and playful waterfalls,
Of mountains varying momently their crests, —
Proud be this land! whose poorest huts are halls
Where fancy entertains becoming guests,
While native song the heroic past recalls."
Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,
The Muse exclaimed; but Story now must hide
Her trophies, Fancy crouch; the course of pride
Has been diverted, other lessons taught,
That make the patriot-spirit bow her head
Where the all-conquering Roman feared to tread.

William Wordsworth.

Loch Fyne.

THE HERRING-FISHERS OF LOCHFYNE.

DEEM not these fishers idle, though by day
You hear the snatches of their lazy song,
And see them listlessly the sunlight long
Strew the curved beach of this indented bay:
So deemed I, till I viewed their trim array
Of boats last night, — a busy armament,
With sails as dark as ever Theseus bent
Upon his fatal rigging, take their way.
Rising betimes, I could not choose but look
For their return; and when along the lake
The morning mists were curling, saw them make
Homeward, returning toward their quiet nook,
With draggled nets down-hanging to the tide,
Weary, and leaning o'er their vessels' side.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

Loch Goil.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I 'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I 'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we 've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight:
"I 'll go, my chief, — I 'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;

And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So, though the waves are raging white,
I 'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,

Adown the glen rode armèd men, —
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I 'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, O, too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her!

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover; —
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I 'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — O my daughter!" —

'T was vain; — the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing; —
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

Thomas Campbell.

Loch Katrine.

LOCH KATRINE.

THE summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch-Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn;
The gray mist left the mountain side,
The torrent showed its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the cushat dove
Her notes of peace and rest and love.

Sir Walter Scott.

LOCH CATHRINE.

AMID Loch Cat'rine's scenery wild
Is seen my lassie's dwelling,
Where caverned rocks on mountains piled
Howl to the sea-breeze swelling; —
She 's purer than the snaw that fa's
On mountain's summit airy;
The sweetest mountain flower that blaws
Is not so fair as Mary.

'T is sweet when woodland echo rings,
Where purling streams meander,
But sweeter when my Mary sings,
As through the glens we wander.
The wild deer on the mountain side,
The fabled elf or fairy,
Or skiff that skims the crystal tide,
Moves not more light than Mary.

From Lowland plains I 've wandered far,
In endless search of pleasure,
Till, guided by some friendly star,
I found this lovely treasure.
Although my native home has charms,
Amang these hills I 'll tarry;
And while life's blood my bosom warms,
I 'll love my dearest Mary.

Anony

Loch Leven.

QUEEN MARY'S ESCAPE FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

PUT off, put off, and row with speed,
For now 's the time, and the hour of need!
To oars, to oars, and trim the bark,
Nor Scotland's queen be a warder's mark!
Yon light that plays round the castle's moat
Is only the warder's random shot!
Put off, put off, and row with speed,
For now is the time, and the hour of need!

Those ponderous keys[1] shall the kelpies keep,
And lodge in their caverns dark and deep;
Nor shall Lochleven's towers or hall
Hold thee, our lovely lady, in thrall;
Or be the haunt of traitors, sold,
While Scotland has hands and hearts so bold;
Then, steersmen, steersmen, on with speed,
For now is the time, and the hour of need!

Hark! the alarum-bell hath rung,
And the warder's voice hath treason sung;
The echoes to the falconet's roar
Chime softly to the dashing oar.

The keys here alluded to were, at a recent period, found in the lake.

Let town and hall and battlements gleam,
We steer by the light of the tapers' beam;
For Scotland and Mary, on with speed;
Now, now is the time, and the hour of need!

Robert Allan.

LOCH LEVEN CASTLE.

THOU rude and ancient pile,
Holding thy vigil lone,
Amid the heath-clad isle,
Where Leven's waters moan,
Show me the prison-tower
Of Scotland's fairest queen,
Who, reared in Gallia's royal bower,
Endured thy tyrant spleen.

Count me the thousand sighs
Her tortured bosom poured,
The tears that dimmed those eyes
Which rival kings adored,
Unfold her darkened fate,
A haughty brother's scorn,
Of her own native realm, the hate,
Of maddened love, the thorn.

Methinks a midnight boat
Still cleaves yon silent tide,
Its glimmering torchlights float
In mingled fear and pride;

Young Douglas wildly steers,
  His throbbing heart beats high,
As freedom's long-lost radiance cheers
  The rescued prisoner's eye.

He sees no vision pale
  Where axe and scaffold gleam,
He hears no stifled wail,
  He marks no life-blood stream.
With ill-dissembled mien,
  Who wields yon vengeful rod?
Who made thee judge, thou English queen?
  Her sins are with her God.

Hark! from yon mouldering cell
  The owl her shriek repeats,
And all the tissued spell
  Of wildering fancy fleets;
Lochleven's ruined towers
  Once more the moonbeams flout,
And tangled herbage chokes those bowers
  Whence the rich harp breathed out.

The lake's unruffled breast
  Expands like mirror clear,
With emerald islets drest,
  Each in its hermit-sphere;
Yet from those fair retreats
  Do mournful memories flow,
And every murmuring shade repeats
  Mary of Scotland's woe.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

LOCH LEVEN CASTLE.

PROUD ruin on Loch Leven's stream,
Whose waters dance with silver gleam,
Beneath the gentle breezes' swell,
That bear upon their downy wing
The fragrance of the heather bell,
On every wild hill blossoming,

With ivied battlement and tower,
And remnant rude of kingly power,
Thou standest as in days of yore,
When pensive Mary, Scotland's Queen,
A prisoner on the castled shore,
Gazed on the lake of sparkling sheen.

Thy name with hers is woven yet, —
And who shall Mary's name forget,
Though thou may'st crumble from the view,
And Leven's waters cease to run,
Reflecting from their breast of blue
The silver moon and golden sun?

No warden's fire shall e'er again
Illume Loch Leven's bosom fair,
Nor clarion shrill of armored men
The breeze across the lake shall bear.
But while remains a stone of thine,
It shall be linked to royal fame,
For there a Rose of Stuart's line
Hath left the fragrance of her name.

Amanda M. Edmond.

Loch Lomond.

THE BROWNIE.

PON a small island not far from the head of Loch Lomond are some ains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of litary individual, one of the last survivors of the clan of Macfarlane, e powerful in that neighborhood. Passing along the shore opposite island in the year 1814, the author learned these particulars, and this person then living there had acquired the appellation of "The wnie."

HOW disappeared he?" Ask the newt and toad;
Ask of his fellow-men, and they will tell
ow he was found, cold as an icicle,
ıder an arch of that forlorn abode;
here he, unpropped, and by the gathering flood
years hemmed round, had dwelt, prepared to try
ivation's worst extremities, and die
ith no one near save the omnipresent God.
erily so to live was an awful choice, —
choice that wears the aspect of a doom;
ut in the mould of mercy all is cast
or souls familiar with the eternal voice;
nd this forgotten taper to the last
rove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

William Wordsworth.

LOCH LOMOND.

FULL-ORBED,
In mild effulgence from the dim blue hills,
The fair moon rises, shedding o'er the world

A wild romantic beauty. On the lake
Her yellow lustre glimmers, taking all
The gentle ripples by the pebbly marge;
While rising terraces of dark-green trees
Repose in silence, bronze-like, touched with
And island groups clothed to the water's br
Each mirrored double in the clear blue dee
Seem even varying as we walk along.
We mark rude bridges, torrents, mountain
Lone paths into the woods, and through th
Steep cataracts dashing, in white silvery foa
The hushed air, fragrant with the tedded ha
And dew-drops sparkling on each blade of g

Andrew James Sy

THE LOMOND BRAES.

"O LASSIE, wilt thou go
To the Lomond wi' me?
The wild thyme 's in bloom,
And the flower 's on the lea;
Wilt thou go, my dearest love?
I will ever constant prove,
I 'll range each hill and grove
On the Lomond wi' thee."

"O, young men are fickle,
Not trusted to be,
And many a native gem
Shines fair on the lea:

Thou mayst see some lovely flower,
Of a more attractive power,
And may take her to thy bower
On the Lomond wi' thee."

"The hind shall forsake
On the mountain the doe,
The stream of the fountain
Shall cease for to flow;
Ben-Lomond shall bend
His high brow to the sea,
Ere I take to my bower
Any flower, love, but thee."

She 's taken her mantle,
He 's taken his plaid;
He coft her a ring,
And he made her his bride:
They 're far o'er yon hills,
To spend their happy days,
And range the woody glens
'Mang the Lomond braes.

William Chalmers.

LOCH LOMOND.

WHILE down the lake's translucent tide
With gently curving course we glide,
Its silver ripples, faint and few,
Alternate blend with belts of blue,
As fleecy clouds, on pinions white,
Careering fleck the welkin bright.

But lo! Ben Lomond's awful crown
Through shrouding mists looks dimly down;
For though perchance his piercing eye
Doth read the secrets of the sky,
His haughty bosom scorns to show
Those secrets to the world below.
Close-woven shades, with varying grace,
And crag and cavern, mark his base,
And trees, whose naked roots protrude
From bed of rock and lichens rude;
And where, mid dizzier cliffs are seen
Entangled thickets sparsely green,
Methinks I trace, in outline drear,
Old Fingal with his shadowy spear,
His gray locks streaming to the gale,
And followed by his squadrons pale.
Yes, slender aid from Fancy's glass
It needs, as round these shores we pass,
Mid glen and thicket dark, to scan
The wild MacGregor's savage clan
Emerging, at their chieftain's call,
To foray or to festival;
While nodding plumes and tartans bright
Gleam wildly o'er each glancing height.

But as the spectral vapors rolled
Away in vestments dropped with gold,
The healthier face of summer sky,
With the shrill bagpipe's melody,
Recalls, o'er distant ocean's foam,
The fondly treasured scenes of home;

And thoughts, on angel-pinions driven,
Drop in the heart the seeds of heaven,
Those winged seeds whose fruit sublime
Decays not with decaying time.
The loving child, the favorite theme
Of morning hour or midnight dream;
The tender friend so lowly laid
Mid our own churchyard's mournful shade;
The smitten babe, who nevermore
Must sport around its father's door, —
Return they not, as phantoms glide,
And silent seat them at our side?

Like Highland maiden, sweetly fair,
The snood and rosebud in her hair,
Yon emerald isles, how calm they sleep
On the pure bosom of the deep;
How bright they throw, with waking eye,
Their lone charms on the passer by;
The willow, with its drooping stem,
The thistle's hyacinthine gem,
The feathery fern, the graceful deer,
Quick starting as the strand we near,
While, with closed wing and scream subdued,
The osprays nurse their kingly brood.

High words of praise, the pulse that stir,
Burst from each joyous voyager;
And Scotia's streams and mountains hoar,
The wildness of her sterile shore,
Her broken caverns, that prolong

The echoes of her minstrel song,
Methinks might catch the enthusiast-tone,
That breathes amid these waters lone.
Even I, from far Columbia's shore,
Whose lakes a mightier tribute pour,
And bind with everlasting chain
The unshorn forest to the main, —
Superior's surge, like ocean proud,
That leaps to lave the vexing cloud;
Huron, that rolls with gathering frown
A world of waters darkly down;
And Erie, shuddering on his throne
At strong Niagara's earthquake tone;
And bold Ontario, charged to keep
The barrier 'tween them and the deep,
Who oft in sounds of wrath and fear,
And dark with cloud-wreathed diadem,
Interpreteth to Ocean's ear
Their language, and his will to them, —
I, reared amid that western vale,
Where Nature works on broader scale,
Still with admiring thought and free,
Loch Lomond, love to gaze on thee,
Reluctant from thy beauties part,
And bless thee with a stranger's heart.

Lydia Huntley Sig

Loch Long.

LOCH LONG.

BLUE was the loch, the clouds were gone,
Ben-Lomond in his glory shone,
When, Luss, I left thee; when the breeze
Bore me from thy silver sands,
Thy kirkyard wall among the trees,
Where, gray with age, the dial stands;
That dial so well known to me!
Though many a shadow it had shed,
Beloved sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read.
The fairy isles fled far away;
That with its woods and uplands green
Where shepherd-huts are dimly seen,
And songs are heard at close of day;
That too, the deer's wild covert, fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead:
While, as the boat went merrily,
Much of Rob Roy the boatman told;
His arm that fell below his knee,
His cattle-ford and mountain hold.
Tarbat, thy shore I climbed at last;
And, thy shady region passed,
Upon another shore I stood,
And looked upon another flood;
Great Ocean's self! ('T is He who fills

That vast and awful depth of hills;)
Where many an elf was playing round,
Who treads unshod his classic ground;
And speaks, his native rocks among,
As Fingal spoke and Ossian sung.
Night fell; and dark and darker grew
That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew;
The sea-bird rustling, wailing by,
And now the grampus, half descried,
Black and huge above the tide;
The cliffs and promontories there,
Front to front, and broad and bare;
Each beyond each, with giant feet
Advancing as in haste to meet;
The shattered fortress, whence the Dane
Blew his shrill blast, nor rushed in vain,
Tyrant of the drear domain, —
All into midnight shadow sweep,
When day springs upward from the deep.
Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendor; and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light.
Glad sign and sure! for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale;
And bright indeed the path should be,
That leads to friendship and to thee!
O blest retreat and sacred too!
Sacred as when the bell of prayer
Tolled duly on the desert air,

And crosses decked thy summits blue.
Oft, like some loved romantic tale,
Oft shall my weary mind recall,
Amid the hum and stir of men,
Thy beechen grove and waterfall,
Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
And her, — the Lady of the Glen!

Samuel Rogers.

Loch Maree.

THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE.

CALM on the breast of Loch Maree
A little isle reposes;
A shadow woven of the oak
And willow o'er it closes.

Within, a Druid's mound is seen,
Set round with stony warders;
A fountain, gushing through the turf,
Flows o'er its grassy borders.

And whoso bathes therein his brow,
With care or madness burning,
Feels once again his healthful thought
And sense of peace returning.

O restless heart and fevered brain,
*Un*quiet and unstable,

That holy well of Loch Maree
Is more than idle fable!

Life's changes vex, its discords stun,
Its glaring sunshine blindeth,
And blest is he who on his way
That fount of healing findeth!

The shadows of a humbled will
And contrite heart are o'er it;
Go read its legend,— "TRUST IN GOD"—
On Faith's white stones before it.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Loch-na-Gar.

LOCH NA GARR.

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wandered;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perished my memory pondered,
As daily I strode through the pine-covered glade.

ought not my home till the day's dying glory
ave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
fancy was cheered by traditional story,
isclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

hades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
ise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
ely the soul of the hero rejoices,
nd rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.
und Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car!
uds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
hey dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

ll-starred, though brave, did no visions foreboding
ell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"
! were you destined to die at Culloden,
Victory crowned not your fall with applause:
ll were you happy in death's earthy slumber,
ou rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;
e pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
our deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

rs have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
ears must elapse ere I tread you again;
ture of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
et still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
gland! thy beauties are tame and domestic
o one who has roved o'er the mountains afar:
for the crags that are wild and majestic,
he steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr!

Lord Byron.

Loch Ranza.

LOCH RANZA.

NOW launched once more, the inland sea
They furrow with fair augury,
And steer for Arran's isle;
The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben-ghoil, "the Mountain of the Wind,"
Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Loch Ranza smile.
Thither their destined course they drew;
It seemed the isle her monarch knew,
So brilliant was the landward view,
The ocean so serene;
Each puny wave in diamonds rolled
O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold
With azure strove and green.
The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower,
Glowed with the tints of evening's hour,
The beech was silver sheen,
The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,
And, oft renewed, seemed oft to die,
With breathless pause between.
O who, with speech of war and woes,
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene!

Sir Walter Scot.

LOCH RANZA.

ON fair Loch Ranza streamed the early day,
Thin wreaths of cottage-smoke are upward curled
From the lone hamlet, which her inland bay
And circling mountains sever from the world.
And there the fisherman his sail unfurled,
The goatherd drove his kids to steep Ben-ghoil,
Before the hut the dame her spindle twirled,
Courting the sunbeam as she plied her toil, —
For, wake where'er he may, man wakes to care and toil.

But other duties called each convent maid,
Roused by the summons of the moss-grown bell;
Sung were the matins, and the mass was said,
And every sister sought her separate cell,
Such was the rule, her rosary to tell.
And Isabel has knelt in lonely prayer;
The sunbeam, through the narrow lattice, fell
Upon the snowy neck and long dark hair,
As stooped her gentle head in meek devotion there.

Sir Walter Scott.

Loch St. Mary.

ST. MARY'S LAKE.

WHEN, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain,—
There is a pleasure in this pain:
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impressed.
'T is silent, amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone St. Mary's silent lake:
Thou know'st it well, — nor fen nor sedge
Pollutes the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree nor bush nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line

Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.
Yet e'en this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour;
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;
There 's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids — though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.
  Naught living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still, beneath the hallowed soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dying, bids his bones be laid,
Where erst his simple fathers prayed.

Sir Walter Scott.

Loch Skene.

. LOCH SKENE.

YET him whose heart is ill at ease
Such peaceful solitudes displease;
He loves to drown his bosom's jar
Amid the elemental war:
And my black palmer's choice had been
Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which frowns round dark Lochskene
There eagles scream from isle to shore;
Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mists infect the summer heaven;
Through the rude barriers of the lake,
Away its hurrying waters break,
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving, as if condemned to lave
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prisoned by enchanter's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that palmer's form and mien
Had suited with the stormy scene,
Just on the edge, straining his ken,
To view the bottom of the den,

Where, deep, deep down, and far within,
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Sir Walter Scott.

Loch Turit.

ON SCARING SOME WATERFOWL IN LOCH TURIT.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties? —
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or beneath the sheltering rock
Bide the surging billow's shock.
Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below;
Plumes himself in freedom's pride,

Tyrant stern to all beside.
The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels;
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane, —
And creatures for his pleasure slain.
In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways,
All on nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.
Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

Robert Burns

Loch Vennachar.

LOCH VENNÀCHAR.

THAT early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path! — they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'T was oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew, —

That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrents down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.

Sir Walter Scott.

Lockershaw.

O, LEEZE ME ON THE BONNIE LASS.

O, LEEZE me on the bonnie lass
That I lo'e best o' a';
O, leeze me on my Marion,
The pride o' Lockershaw.
O, weel I like my Marion,
For love blinks in her e'e,
And she has vowed a solemn vow,
She lo'es na ane but me.

The flowers grow bonnie on the bank,
Where doun the waters fa';
The birds sing bonnie in the bower,
Where red, red roses blaw.
An' there wi' blythe and lightsome heart,
When day has closed his e'e,
I wander wi' my Marion,
Wha lo'es na ane but me.

Sic luve as mine an' Marion's,
O, may it never fa'!
But blume aye like the fairest flower,
That grows in Lockershaw.
My Marion I will ne'er forget
Until the day I dee,
For she has vowed a solemn vow,
She lo'es na ane but me.

Robert Allan.

Logan Water (Glencorse Burn).

LOGAN BRAES.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride!
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blithe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
And Evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie 's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn-bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his songs her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widowed nights and joyless days,
While Willie 's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make many a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

Robert Burns.

LOGAN BRAES.

"BY Logan streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I 've herded sheep;
Herded sheep and gathered slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But wae 's my heart, thae days are gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

"Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
Meet wi' me, or when it 's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane:
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

"At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dauner out and sit alane;
Sit alane beneath the tree

Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
O, could I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, and my ain!
Beloved by friends, revered by faes,
We 'd live in bliss on Logan braes!"

While for her love she thus did sigh,
She saw a sodger passing by,
Passing by wi' scarlet claes,
While sair she grat on Logan braes:
Says he, "What gars thee greet sae sair,
What fills thy heart sae fu' o' care?
Thae sporting lambs hae blythsome days,
And playfu' skip on Logan braes."

"What can I do but weep and mourn?
I fear my lad will ne'er return,
Ne'er return to ease my waes,
Will ne'er come hame to Logan braes."
Wi' that he clasped her in his arms,
And said, "I 'm free frae war's alarms,
I now ha'e conquered a' my faes,
We 'll happy live on Logan braes."

Then straight to Logan kirk they went,
And joined their hands wi' one consent,
Wi' one consent to end their days,
And live in bliss on Logan braes.
And now she sings, "Thae days are gane,
When I wi' grief did herd alane,
While my dear lad did fight his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes."

John Mayne.

HABBIE'S HOW.

\E farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow;
ween twa birks, out o'er a little linn,
water fa's, and maks a singand din:
ool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
ses with easy whirles the bordering grass.
'll end our washing while the morning 's cool;
l when the day grows het, we 'll to the pool,
re wash oursells; 't is healthfu' now in May,
l sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Allan Ramsay.

Logie.

THE WEDDED WATERS.

GADIE wi' its waters fleet,
Ury wi' its murmur sweet,
They hae trysted aye to meet
Among the woods o' Logie.
Like bride an' bridegroom happy they,
Wooing smiles frae bank an' brae,
Their wedded waters wind an' play
Round leafy bowers at Logie.

O'er brashy linn, o'er meadow fine,
They never sinder, never tyne,

An', O, I thought sic meetings mine,
Yon happy hours at Logie!
But Fortune's cauld an' changefu' e'e,
Gloomed bitterly on mine an' me,
I looket syne, but cou'dna see
My sworn love at Logie.

Now lowly, lanely, I may rue
The guilefu' look, the guilefu' vow,
That fled as flees the feckless dew
Frae withered leaves at Logie.
But Gadie wi' its torrents keen,
An' Ury wi' its braes sae green,
They a' can tell how true I 've been
To my lost love in Logie.

William Thom.

LASS OF LOGIE.

I 'VE seen the smiling summer flower
Amang the braes of Yarrow;
I 've heard the raving winter wind
Amang the hills of Barra;
I 've wandered Scotland o'er and o'er,
Frae Teviot to Strathbogie:
But the bonniest lass that I ha'e seen
Is bonnie Jean of Logie.

Her lips were like the heather bloom,
In meekest dewy morning;

Her cheeks were like the ruddy leaf,
The bloomy brier adorning;
Her brow was like the milky flower
That blossoms in the bogie;
And love was laughing in her een,—
The bonnie lass of Logie.

I said, "My lassie, come wi' me,
My hand, my hame, are ready;
I ha'e a lairdship of my ain,
And ye shall be my ladye.
I 've ilka thing baith out and in,
To make you blythe and vogie."
She hung her head and sweetly smiled,—
The bonnie lass of Logie!

But she has smiled, and fate has frowned,
And wrung my heart with sorrow;
The bonnie lass sae dear to me
Can never be my marrow.
For ah! she loves another lad,—
The ploughman wi' his cogie;
Yet happy, happy may she be,
The bonnie lass of Logie!

Alexander Laing.

Manor, the River.

MANOR BRAES.

WHERE Manor stream rins blythe an' clear,
And Castlehill's white wa's appear,
I spent ae day, aboon a' days,
By Manor stream, 'mang Manor braes.
The purple heath was just in bloom,
And bonnie waved the upland broom,
The flocks on flowery braes lay still,
Or, heedless, wandered at their will.

'T was there, mid nature's calm repose,
Where Manor clearest, saftest flows,
I met a maiden fair to see,
Wi' modest look and bashfu' ee:
Her beauty to the mind did bring
A morn where summer blends wi' spring,
So bright, so pure, so calm, so fair,
'T was bliss to look, — to linger there!

Ilk word cam' frae her bosom warm,
Wi' love to win and sense to charm,
So much of nature, naught of art,
She 'll live enthroned within my heart!
Aboon her head the laverock sang,
And 'neath her feet the wild-flowers sprang;
O, let me dwell, where beauty strays,
By Manor stream an' Manor braes.

I speired gif ane sae young an' fair
Knew aught of love, wi' a' its care?
She said her heart frae love was free,
But aye she blushed wi' downcast ee.
The parting cam' as partings come,
Wi' looks that speak, though tongues be dumb;
Yet I 'll return, ere many days,
To live an' love 'mang Manor braes.

Robert Gilfillan.

Mar (Braemar).

THE BRAES OF MAR.

FAREWELL, ye braes of broad Braemar,
From you my feet must travel far,
Thou high-peaked, steep-cliffed Loch-na-Gar,
Farewell, farewell forever!
Thou lone green glen where I was born,
Where free I strayed in life's bright morn,
From thee my heart is rudely torn,
And I shall see thee never!

The braes of Mar with heather glow,
The healthful breezes o'er them blow,
The gushing torrents from them flow,
That swell the rolling river.
Strong hills that nursed the brave and free,
On banks of clear, swift-rushing Dee,
My widowed eyne no more shall see
Your birchen bowers forever!

Farewell, thou broad and bare Muicdhui,
Ye stout old pines of lone Glen Lui,
Thou forest wide of Ballochbuie,
Farewell, farewell forever!
In you the rich may stalk the deer,
Thou 'lt know the tread of prince and peer;
But O, the poor man's heart is drear
To part from you forever!

May God forgive our haughty lords,
For whom our fathers drew their swords;
No tear for us their pride affords,
No bond of love they sever.
Farewell, ye braes of broad Braemar,
From bleak Ben Aon to Loch-na-Gar,—
The friendless poor is banished far
From your green glens forever!

John Stuart Blackie.

Maxwelton.

ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it 's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true,—
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift;
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on, —
That e'er the sun shone on, —
And dark blue is her ee;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet, —
Her voice is low and sweet, —
And she 's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'd lay me doune and dee.

Anonymous.

May, the Island.

WE 'LL GO TO SEA NO MORE.

O, BLITHELY shines the bonnie sun
Upon the Isle of May,
And blithely comes the morning tide
Into St. Andrew's Bay.
Then up, gudeman, the breeze is fair,
And up, my bra' bairns three;

There 's goud in yonder bonnie boat
That sails sae weel the sea!
When haddocks leave the Frith o'
An' mussels leave the shore,
When oysters climb up Berwick I
We 'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We 'll go to sea no more.

I 've seen the waves as blue as air,
I 've seen them green as grass;
But I never feared their heaving yet
From Grangemouth to the Bass.
I 've seen the sea as black as pitch,
I 've seen it white as snow;
But I never feared its foaming yet,
Though the winds blew high or low
When squalls capsize our wooden
When the French ride at the I
When Leith meets Aberdour half-
We 'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We 'll go to sea no more.

I never liked the landsman's life,
The earth is aye the same;
Gi'e me the ocean for my dower,
My vessel for my hame.
Gi'e me the fields that no man plows,
The farm that pays no fee;
Gi'e me the bonnie fish, that glance
So gladly through the sea.

When sails hang flapping on the masts,
While through the wave we snore;
When in a calm we 're tempest-tossed,
We 'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We 'll go to sea no more.

The sun is up, and round Inchkeith
The breezes softly blaw;
The gudeman has the lines on board;—
Awa' my bairns, awa'.
An' ye be back by gloamin' gray,
An' bright the fire will low,
An' in your tales and sangs we 'll tell
How weel the boat ye row.
When life's last sun gaes feebly down,
An' Death comes to our door;
When a' the world 's a dream to us,
We 'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We 'll go to sea no more.

Miss Corbett.

Melrose Abbey.

MELROSE ABBEY.

IF thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.

When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,—
Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

* * * * *

By a steel-clenched postern door
They entered now the chancel tall;
The darkened roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and small;
The keystone, that locked each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lis, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourished around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,

O gallant chief of Otterburne!
And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale!
O fading honors of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet, and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

* * * * *

With beating heart to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the gravestone bent,
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there, to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Streamed upward to the chancel roof,

And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright:
It shone like heaven's own blessed light,
And, issuing from the tomb,
Showed the monk's cowl and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-browed Warrior's mail,
And kissed his waving plume.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver rolled,
He seemed some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapped him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea;
His left hand held his Book of Might;
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee;
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiend had shook,
And all unruffled was his face:
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

Sir Walter S

ON VISITING MELROSE,

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SIXTEEN YEARS.

YON setting sun, that slowly disappears,
Gleams a memento of departed years:
Ay, many a year is gone, and many a friend,
Since here I saw the autumn sun descend.

s gone, whose hand was locked in mine, —
ıat traces now the sorrowing line:
alone I scan the mouldering tombs,
'ander through the vaulted glooms,
as if the echoes might retain
:ing cadence of her varied strain.
eard that melting voice decay,
aph tones in whispers die away;
the tear presageful fill her eye,
:ring speak, — I am resigned to die.
hat through the fretted windows shed
ring beam athwart the mighty dead,
ıat sphere her sainted spirit flew,
er I may turn my longing view,
and hope, some tedious seasons o'er,
long lost friend, to part no more.

James Grahame.

MELROSE ABBEY.

ıot when the sun through the glittering sky,
mer's joyful majesty,
om his cloudless height; —
t when the sun was sinking down,
ing the ruin's mossy brown
ms of ruddy light; —
vhen the moon, like a pilgrim fair,
and planet journeyed slow,
owing the stillness of the air,
the world below;
rose! mid thy mouldering pride,

All breathless and alone,
I grasped the dreams to day denied,
High dreams of ages gone! —
Had unshrieved guilt for one moment been the
His heart had turned to stone!
For oft, though felt no moving gale,
Like restless ghost in glimmering shroud,
Through the lofty oriel opening pale,
Was seen the hurrying cloud;
And, at doubtful distance, each broken wall
Frowned black as bier's mysterious pall
From mountain-cave beheld by ghastly seer;
It seemed as if sound had ceased to be;
Nor dust from arch nor leaf from tree
Relieved the noiseless ear.
The owl had sailed from her silent tower,
Tweed hushed his weary wave,
The time was midnight's moonless hour,
My seat a dreaded Douglas' grave!
My being was sublimed by joy,
My heart was big, yet I could not weep;
I felt that God would ne'er destroy
The mighty in their tranced sleep.
Within the pile no common dead
Lay blended with their kindred mould;
Theirs were the hearts that prayed, or bled,
In cloister dim, on death-plain red,
The pious and the bold.
There slept the saint whose holy strains
Brought seraphs round the dying bed;
And there the warrior, who to chains

Ne'er stooped his crested head.
I felt my spirit sink or swell
With patriot rage or lowly fear,
As battle-trump, or convent-bell,
Rung in my tranced ear.
But dreams prevailed of loftier mood,
When stern beneath the chancel high
My country's spectre-monarch stood,
All sheathed in glittering panoply;
Then I thought with pride what noble blood
Had flowed for the hills of liberty.
High the resolves that fill the brain
With transports trembling upon pain,
When the veil of time is rent in twain,
That hides the glory past!
The scene may fade that gave them birth,
But they perish not with the perishing earth,
Forever shall they last.
And higher, I ween, is that mystic might
That comes to the soul from the silent night,
When she walks, like a disembodied spirit,
Through realms her sister shades inherit,
And soft as the breath of those blessed flowers
That smile in Heaven's unfading bowers,
With love and awe, a voice she hears
Murmuring assurance of immortal years.
In hours of loneliness and woe,
Which even the best and wisest know,
How leaps the lightened heart to seize
On the bliss that comes with dreams like these!

John Wilson.

THE MONKS OF MELROSE.

O, THE monks of Melrose made gude kale
On Fridays, when they fasted;
They wanted neither beef nor ale,
As long as their neighbors' lasted.

Old Song.

INSCRIPTION

ON A GRAVESTONE IN THE CHURCHYARD OF MELROSE ABBEY.

THE earth goeth on the earth,
Glistering like gold;
The earth goeth to the earth,
Sooner than it wold;
The earth builds on the earth
Castles and towers;
The earth says to the earth,
All shall be ours.

Mosgiel Farm.

MOSGIEL FARM.

"THERE!" said a stripling, pointing with meet pride
Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,
"Is Mosgiel Farm; and that 's the very field

Where Burns ploughed up the daisy." Far and wide
A plain below stretched seaward, while, descried
Above sea-clouds, the peaks of Arran rose;
And, by that simple notice, the repose
Of earth, sky, sea, and air was vivified.
Beneath "the random bield of clod or stone,"
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away; less happy than the one
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.

William Wordsworth.

Mull, the Island.

MULL.

THE tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore;
In pensive mood I roam the desert ground,
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.
O, whither fled the pleasurable hours
That chased each care, and fired the muse's powers,
The classic haunts of youth forever gay
Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of day,
The well-known valleys where I wont to roam,
The native sports, the nameless joys of home?
Far different scenes allure my wondering eye:
The white wave foaming to the distant sky;
The cloudy heaven, unblest by summer's smile;
The sounding storm that sweeps the rugged isle,

The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow,
The wide, wild glen, the pathless plains below,
The dark blue rocks, in barren grandeur piled,
The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild!
Far different these from all that charmed before,—
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore;
The sloping vales, with waving forests lined;
Her smooth blue lakes, unruffled by the wind.
Hail, happy Clutha! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way!
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,
And joy shall hail me to my native soil.

Thomas Campbell.

IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

TRADITION, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw
Thy veil in mercy o'er the records, hung
Round strath and mountain, stamped by the ancient tongue
On rock and ruin, darkening as we go,—
Spots where a word, ghost-like, survives to show
What crimes from hate, or desperate love, have sprung;
From honor misconceived, or fancied wrong,
What feuds, not quenched but fed by mutual woe.
Yet, though a wild, vindictive race, untamed
By civil arts and labors of the pen,
Could gentleness be scorned by those fierce men,
Who, to spread wide the reverence they claimed
For patriarchal occupations, named
Yon towering peaks, "Shepherds of Etive Glen"?

William Wordsworth.

IN THE ISLE OF MULL.

THE clouds are gathering in their western dome,
Deep-drenched with sunlight, as a fleece with dew,
While I with baffled effort still pursue
And track these waters toward their mountain-home,
In vain — though cataract, and mimic foam,
And island-spots, round which the streamlet threw
Its sister-arms, which joyed to meet anew,
Have lured me on, and won me still to roam;
Till now, coy nymph, unseen thy waters pass,
Or faintly struggle through the twinkling grass, —
And I, thy founts unvisited, return.
Is it that thou art revelling with thy peers?
Or dost thou feed a solitary urn,
Else unreplenished, with thine own sad tears?

Richard Chenevix Trench.

THE SAME.

SWEET Water-nymph, more shy than Arethuse,
Why wilt thou hide from me thy green retreat,
Where duly thou with silver-sandalled feet,
And every Naiad, her green locks profuse,
Welcome with dance sad Evening, or unloose,
To share your revel, an oak-cinctured throng,
Oread and Dryad, who the daylight long
By rock, or cave, or antique forest, use
To shun the Wood-god and his rabble bold?
Such comes not now, or who with impious strife

Would seek to untenant meadow, stream, and plain,
Of that indwelling power which is the life
And which sustaineth each, which poets old
As god and goddess thus have loved to feign.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

Musselburgh.

AN EVENING SKETCH.

THE birds have ceased their songs,
All save the blackbird, that from yon tall ash,
Mid Pinkie's greenery, from his mellow throat,
In adoration of the setting sun,
Chants forth his evening hymn.
'T is twilight now;
The sovran sun behind his western hills—
His Grampian range of amethystine hue—
In glory hath declined. The volumed clouds,
Kissed by his kind effulgence, hang around,
Like pillars of some tabernacle grand,
Worthy his mighty presence; while the sky,
Illumined to its centre, glows intense,
Changing the sapphire of its arch to gold.
How deep is the tranquillity! yon wood
Is slumbering through its multitude of stems,
Even to the leaflet on the frailest twig!
A gentle gloom pervades the Birslie heights,
An azure softness mingling with the sky;

And westward, looking to the Morphoots dim,
Grey Falsyde, like an aged sentinel,
Stands on the shoulder of his watch-tower green.
Nor lovely less in its serenity
The Forth, now waveless as a lake engulfed
Mid sheltering hills; without a ripple spreads
Its bosom, silent and immense; the hues
Of flickering light have from its surface died,
Leaving it garbed in sunless majesty.
No more is heard the plover's circling wail,
No more the silver of the sea-mew's wing
In casual dip beheld; on eastern Bass
The flocks of ocean slumber in their cells.
The fisherman, forsaken by the tide,
His shadow lost, drags to the yellow shore
His cumbrous nets, and in the sheltering cove
Behind yon rocky point his shallop moors,
To tempt again the perilous deep at dawn.
With bosoming boughs round Musselburgh hang
Its clumps of ancient elm-trees; silently
Pierces the sky its immemorial spire,
Whose curfew-bell, through many a century,
Glad sound, hath loosed the artisan from toil;
And silently, o'er many a chimneyed roof,
The smoke from many a cheerful hearth ascends,
Melting in ether.

* * * * *

David Macbeth Moir.

Neidpath Castle.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

O, LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decayed by pining,
Till through her wasted hand at night,
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seemed in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog pricked his ear,
She heard her lover's riding:
Ere scarce a distant form was kenned,
She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came, — he passed, — an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing. —
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

Sir Walter Scott.

Nith, the River.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
ıt sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command.
hen shall I see that honored land,
That winding stream I love so dear!
ust wayward fortune's adverse hand
Forever, ever keep me here?

ow lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
ow sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton through the broom!
ıough wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonny banks and braes,
ay there my latest hours consume,
Amang *the* friends of early days!

Robert Burns.

MY NANIE-O.

RED rowes the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and rainie-o,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I 'll gang and see my Nanie-o;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
My kind and winsome Nanie-o,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
And nane can do 't but Nanie-o.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
Sae saintly and sae bonnie-o,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie-o;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
The world 's in love with Nanie-o;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
That wadna love my Nanie-o.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely-o;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely-o;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
The flower of Nithsdale 's Nanie-o;
Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
And says, I dwell with Nanie-o.

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie-o,

My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
When coming frae my Nanie-o;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
Nane ken o' me and Nanie-o;
The stars and moon may tell 't aboon,
They winna wrang my Nanie-o!

Allan Cunningham.

THE NITH.

FLOW on, flow on, beloved stream,
My dear, delightful river,
By castles gray and meadows green,
Flow on in peace forever.
In youth I wandered by thy side,
The Tynron hills before me,
And now as bridegroom loves his bride,
In spirit I adore thee.

I 'm wedded to thy glens and holms,
So wild, so full of beauty;
The past into the present glides,
And blends with love and duty.
I hear the pulsing evening breeze
Among the branches beating;
My heart, attuned to winds and trees,
The cadence is repeating.

High up the sky in clouds I trace
The day's departing glory,

While by my side a sunny face
  Reflects a sweeter story:
The story of a loving life,
  The passing hours renew it;
Nor joy, nor care, nor worldly strife,
  Can conquer or subdue it.

The cloven rocks make dismal dens,
  In which your waters darkle,
Emerging from their gloomy glens,
  O, how you dash and sparkle!
So life must pass through clouds and tears,
  Few rays of hope surrounding;
As mists roll off the sky appears,
  With light and love abounding.

Dear stream, thou emblem of my days,
  Thou child of moss and mountain,
My heart to thee would be of praise
  A never-failing fountain.
So flow for aye, beloved stream!
  Dear Nith, delightful river,
By castles gray and meadows green,
  Flow on in peace forever.

Francis Bennoch.

NITHSIDE.

WHEN the lark is in the air, the leaf upon the tree,
The butterfly disporting beside the hummel bee;
The scented hedges white, the fragrant meadows pied,
How sweet it is to wander by bonnie Nithside!

When the blackbird piping loud the mavis strives to drown,
And school-boys seeking nests find each nursling fledged or flown,
To hop 'mong plots and borders, arrayed in all their pride,
How sweet at dewy morn to roam by bonnie Nithside!

When the flies are on the stream, 'neath a sky of azure hue,
And anglers take their stand by the waters bright and blue;
While the coble circles pools, where the monarch salmon glide,
Surpassing sweet on summer days is bonnie Nithside!

When the corncraik's voice is mute, as her young begin to flee,
And seek with swifts and martins some home beyond the sea;
And reapers crowd the harvest-field, in man and maiden pride,
How exquisite the golden hours on bonnie Nithside!

When stubbles yield to tilth, and woodlands brown and sear,
The falling leaf and crispy pool proclaim the waning year;
And sounds of sylvan pastime ring through our valley wide,
Vicissitude itself is sweet by bonnie Nithside!

And when winter comes at last, capping every hill with
snow,
And freezing into icy plains the struggling streams below,
You still may share the curler's joys, and find at even-
tide
Maids sweet and fair, in spence and ha', at bonnie
Nithside!

John M'Diarmid.

Nithsdale.

THE LILY OF NITHSDALE.

SHE 's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,
She 's gane to dwall in heaven;
Ye 're ower pure, quoth the voice of God,
For dwalling out of heaven!

O what 'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
O what 'll she do in heaven? —
She 'll mix her ain thoughts with angels' sangs,
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,
Low there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I 'll follow thee, lassie.
Fu' soon I 'll follow thee;
Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
But took gudness' self wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-cold face;
Thou seemed a lilie new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-shut eye;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath of heaven
To sing the evening psalm.

There 's nought but dust now mine, lassie,
There 's nought but dust now mine;
My saul 's wi' thee in the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin' ?

Allan Cunningham.

Nine-Mile Burn.

BARTHRAM'S DIRGE.

THEY shot him dead at the Nine-Stone Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss.

* * * * *

They made a bier of the broken bough,
The sauch and the aspin gray,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
And threw her robes aside,
She tore her ling [long] yellow hair,
And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady-Well
His wounds so deep and sair,
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily-sheet,
And bare him to his earth,
And the Gray Friars sung the dead man's mass,
As they passed the Chapel Garth.

They buried him at [the mirk] midnight,
When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspin gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Ninestone Burn,
And they covered him o'er with the heather-flower,
The moss and the Lady fern.

A Gray Friar staid upon the grave,
And sang till the morning tide,
And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
While the Headless Cross shall bide.

Anonymous.

Northmaven.

HALCRO'S SONG.

FAREWELL to Northmaven,
Gray Hillswicke, farewell!
To the calms of thy haven,
The storms on thy fell;
To each breeze that can vary
The mood of thy main,
And to thee, bonny Mary!
We meet not again.

Farewell the wild ferry,
Which Hacon could brave,
When the peaks of the Skerry
Were white in the wave.
There 's a maid may look over
These wild waves in vain,
For the skiff of her lover, —
He comes not again.

The vows thou hast broke,
On the wild currents fling them;
On the quicksand and rock
Let the mermaiden sing them.
New sweetness they 'll give her
Bewildering strain;
But there 's one who will never
Believe them again.

O were there an island,
Though ever so wild,
Where woman could smile, and
No man be beguiled, —
Too tempting a snare
To poor mortals were given,
And the hope would fix there
That should anchor on heaven.

Sir Walter Scott.

Ochil Hills.

WHERE, BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes;
As one who by some savage stream
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonished, doubly marks its beam,
With art's most polished blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequestered shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first surveyed,
When first I felt their power!
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

Robert Burns

Ora, the River.

ORA.

NOR Arne, nor Mincius, nor stately Tiber,
Sebethus, nor the flood into whose streams
He fell who burnt the world with borrowed beams,
Gold-rolling Tagus, Munda, famous Iber,
Sorgue, Rhone, Loire, Garron, nor proud-banked Seine,
Peneus, Phasis, Xanthus, humble Ladon,
Nor she whose nymphs excel her who loved Adon,
Fair Tamesis, nor Ister large, nor Rhine,
Euphrates, Tigris, Indus, Hermus, Gange,
Pearly Hydaspes, serpent-like Meander,
The gulf bereft sweet Hero her Leander,
Nile, that far, far his hidden head doth range,
Have ever had so rare a cause of praise,
As Ora, where this northern Phœnix stays.

William Drummond.

MADRIGAL.

TRITONS, which bounding dive
Through Neptune's liquid plain,
When as ye shall arrive
With tilting tides where silver Ora plays,
And to your king his watery tribute pays,
Tell how I dying live,
And burn in midst of all the coldest main.

William Drummond.

Ordie, the River.

ORDÉ BRAES.

THERE 's nae hame like the hame o' youth,
  Nae ither spot sae fair;
Nae ither faces look sae kind
  As the smilin' faces there.
An' I ha'e sat by mony streams,
  Ha'e travelled mony ways;
But the fairest spot on the earth to me
  Is on bonnie Ordé Braes.

An ell-lang wee thing then I ran
  Wi' the ither neebor bairns,
To pu' the hazel's shining nuts,
  An' to wander 'mang the ferns;
An' to feast on the bramble-berries brown,
  An' gather the glossy slaes,
By the burnie's side, an' aye sinsyne
  I ha'e loved sweet Ordé Braes.

The memories o' my father's hame,
  An' its kindly dwellers a',
O, the friends I loved wi' a young heart's love
  Ere care that heart could thraw,
Are twined wi' the stanes o' the silver burn,
  An' its fairy crooks an' bays,
That onward sang 'neath the gowden broom
  Upon bonnie Ordé Braes.

Aince on a day there were happy hames
By the bonnie Ordé's side:
Nane ken how meikle peace an' love
In a straw-roofed cot can bide.
But the hames are gane, an' the hand o' time
The roofless wa's doth raze;
Laneness an' sweetness hand in hand
Gang ower the Ordé Braes.

O, an' the sun were shinin' now,
An' O, an' I were there,
Wi' twa three friends o' auld langsyne,
My wanderin' joy to share!
For though on the hearth o' my bairnhood's hame
The flock o' the hills doth graze,
Some kind hearts live to love me yet
Upon bonnie Ordé Braes.

Robert Nicoll.

Orkney Islands.

ORCADIA.

FOR one whole week I breathed Orcadian air,—
So far up in the north that, all the time,
I felt among cloud-islands of the skies.
And Autumn lay asleep among the isles;
The fiords all had stilled their roaring throats,
Afraid to wake her, and, into themselves,

Murmured a drowsy bass; the grim-browed cliffs
Bent forward, half relaxed their savage looks
At seeing them reflected in the pools. —
As oft I stood upon a tiptoe hill,
The lesser islands sailed out in the bays,
And promontories drifted into isles.
It was enchanted land — some other world —
That hung within the void; and rounding all,
Beneath it as above, was calm blue sky.

High over all, the weather-beaten head
Of Hoy rises. On his scarréd brow
He wears a precious stone, — a carbuncle, —
Enough, 't is thought, to buy Orcadia.
From certain points its fiery beams are seen;
And many an islander has marked the spot,
Then clomb the footless heights to snatch the prize,
And be forever rich. In vain his search!
The bright delusion 's never to be found.
But when he has retraced the perilous steep,
The thing he sought is in its place again,
And laughs at him. So are we ever fooled
On earth by things that glitter. Wealth and fame
When reached are never found. But, failing oft,
We learn at last our truest wealth is love, —
Best fame, approving conscience.

Up the cliffs
Of Hoy, there 's another precious stone,
Suggesting richer wealth than diamond,
Ruby, or pearl, — yea, all the ruck of gems.
The breezy front of that high beetled rock

Presents, as if medallioned on the sky,
By Nature chiselled, the exact profile
Of Walter Scott. There has the wizard brow
Hung brooding o'er the isles from time unknown,
And seen enacted all the stirring lore
Of pirates, smugglers, jarls, and old sea-kings.
O storied Prince! from that high stand, on this,
Its northern bound, look southward and behold
Thy legendary empire.

* * * * *

In Orcadia we find the rocks
That Miller read, — the very rocks that gave
To him their "testimony," in a type
Already ancient when our Adam came,
To which his Eden 's but a minute since,
The fabled flood the rain that fell e'en now:
Those marvellous stone scriptures that reveal
What monsters trod the earth and swam the seas,
Or crawled in slime of half-created earth,
Age after age, ere yet the eye of man
Was there to watch; and how the aged woods,
Year after year, put on their roofs of green,
And waited eras with their oaken aisles,
Without one Druid soul to dedicate
Their silences to prayer: whose only sounds
Were of the winds and rains, the beasts that made
Fierce loves and fiercer wars, heaven's fiery bolts
That rent the groaning oaks, the old-world screams
Of birds to us unknown; but surely not
The linkéd music of our modern woods;
For in my heart I read that merle and thrush,

Yea, all the voices of our woodland quires
Were given to Eve in paradise, long, long
After the writing of those books of stone.

Inland the explorer turns, — if inland be,
Where all is island, even the islands cleft
With reaches of the sea, — and he beholds
Stennis, the mystic Stonehenge of the north,
Upon a tongue of springy sward that parts
Two bleak, half-salted lochs. A stranger, he
Knows not what sight awaits him, passing down
The easy sloping road, when starts in view
A curve of visionary things, that shine
Like ghosts amid the sunlight, white or gray,
As pass the sailing shadows of the clouds.
With wondering gaze and speculative thought,
He nears and nears them, while by slow removes
They 've ranked themselves into a giant ring
Of hoary stones, and, in the centre, one
Of huger bulk than any of the rest.

Speak! ye dumb priests of eld, and say what kind
Of men they were that set you thus on end,
And to what purpose? Not a single word!
The yellowhammer sits on your bald crowns,
And mocks my queries with its moorland pipe:
Methinks a whisper runs from each to each,
But 't is the wind upon your flinty sides,
And not your inward voices. Ye have slept
The dream of many ages, and your own
Is hardened into stone. It will not yield

› us the reflex of its inner self,
›ng crossed Time's dusky gulf, though living still
some far circle of eternal light.
:t underneath the springy sward, and through
ıe solid hearts of these old stones, I feel
ıe beating thought that raised them; and within
ıis almost mythic temple I am bowed
ith worship deeper than mere stones evoke.
haunted place, — the ancient forms of men,
ıd their devotion gone, all long, long gone!
ıt these gray stones that heard their songs and prayers,
ing with their spirits yet; this grass has lived
:rennially since then, — the same they trod:
›n sun, so old and young, looked down on them,
nd saw their rites: he looks the same on me.
Druid! we are one; I feel thy thoughts
ow climbing up to God. The form of thought
oes with the age, — the thought is for all time.

Robert Leighton.

Ormadale.

THE LOVELY MAID OF ORMADALE.

WHEN sets the sun o'er Lomond's height,
To blaze upon the western wave;
When peace and love possess the grove,
And echo sleeps within the cave;
Led by love's soft endearing charms,
I stray the pathless winding vale,

And hail the hour that gives to me
The lovely maid of Ormadale.

Her eyes outshine the star of night,
Her cheeks the morning's rosy hue;
And pure as flower in summer shade,
Low bending in the pearly dew:
Nor flower sae fair and lovely pure,
Shall fate's dark wintry winds assail;
As angel-smile she aye will be
Dear to the bowers of Ormadale.

Let fortune soothe the heart of care,
And wealth to all its votaries give;
Be mine the rosy smile of love,
And in its blissful arms to live.
I would resign fair India's wealth,
And sweet Arabia's spicy gale,
For balmy eve and Scotian bower,
With thee, loved maid of Ormadale.

Robert Allan.

Oronsay, the Island.

THE MAID OF ORONSEY.

O, STOPNA, bonnie bird, that strain;
Frae hopeless love itsel' it flows;
Sweet bird, O, warble it again,
Thou 'st touched the string o' a' my woes.

O, lull me with it to repose,
I 'll dream of her who 's far away,
And fancy, as my eyelids close,
Will meet the maid of Oronsey.

Couldst thou but learn frae me my grief,
Sweet bird, thou 'dst leave thy native grove,
And fly to bring my soul relief,
To where my warmest wishes rove;
Soft as the cooings of the dove,
Thou 'dst sing thy sweetest, saddest lay,
And melt to pity and to love
The bonny maid of Oronsey.

Well may I sigh and sairly weep,
The song sad recollections bring;
O, fly across the roaring deep,
And to my maiden sweetly sing;
'T will to her faithless bosom fling
Remembrance of a sacred day;
But feeble is thy wee bit wing,
And far 's the isle of Oronsey.

Then, bonny bird, wi' mony a tear
I 'll mourn beside this hoary thorn,
And thou wilt find me sitting here,
Ere thou canst hail the dawn o' morn;
Then high on airy pinions borne,
Thou 'lt chant a sang o' love an' wae,
An' soothe me, weeping at the scorn
Of the sweet maid of Oronsey.

And when around my weary head,
  Soft pillowed where my fathers lie,
Death shall eternal poppies spread,
  An' close for aye my tearfu' eye;
Perched on some bonnie branch on high,
  Thou 'lt sing thy sweetest roundelay,
And soothe my "spirit, passing by"
  To meet the maid of Orousey.

William Glen.

Pinkie.

THE FIELD OF PINKIE.

A LOVELY eve! as loath to quit a scene
  So beautiful, the parting sun smiles back
From western Pentland's summits, all between
  Bearing the impress of his glorious track;
His last, long, level ray fond Earth retains;
  The Forth a sheet of gold from shore to shore;
Gold on the Esk, and on the ripened plains,
  And on the boughs of yon broad sycamore.

Long shadows fall from turret and from tree;
  Homeward the laborer through the radiance goes;
Calmly the mew floats downward to the sea;
  And inland flock the rooks to their repose:
Over the ancient farmstead wreathes the smoke,
  Melting in silence mid the pure blue sky;

And sings the blackbird, cloistered in the oak,
His anthem to the eve, how solemnly!

On this green hill — yon grove — the placid flow
Of Esk — and on the Links that skirt the town —
How differently, three hundred years ago,
The same sun o'er this selfsame spot went down!
Instead of harvest wealth, the gory dead
In many a mangled heap lay scattered round;
Where all is tranquil, anguish reigned and dread,
And for the blackbird wailed the bugle's sound.

Mirrored by fancy's power, my sight before
The past revives with panoramic glow;
Scotland resumes the cold rough front of yore,
And England, now her sister, scowls her foe:
Two mighty armaments, for conflict met,
Darken the hollows and the heights afar, —
Horse, cannon, standard, spear, and burgonet,
The leaders and the legions, mad for war.

Shrilly uprises Warwick's battle-cry,
As from Falsyde his glittering columns wheel;
Hark to the rasp of Grey's fierce cavalry
Against the bristling hedge of Scotland's steel!
As bursts the billow foaming on the rock,
That onset is repelled, that charge is met;
Flaunting, the bannered thistle braves the shock,
And backward bears the might of Somerset.

* * * * *

David Macbeth Moir.

Plockton.

IN PLOCKTON.

A WILD, blue sea traversed by furious winds;
Dark islands to the stormy surface blown;
Rough coasts where heather stains the swarthy stone.
Beating upon the rocks fierce rain begins;
A willow group low in the valley spins
And reels and dances like a demon thing.
Masses of mountains, gloomy at the base,
With silvery sides and tops of misty gold,
Magnificently gathered in their place,
Rise girt about with splendor manifold:
Enchanted skies thrown vast and glittering
Above the winds and rains that rush below.
Horizons where the rainbows to and fro
Pass over clouds of darkness and of snow.

Cora Kennedy Aitken.

Portrack.

MARGARET AND MARY.

Miss Margaret Harley Maxwell, only daughter of the poet's cousin, Alexander Harley Maxwell, of Portrack, Esq., and Mary, the poet's only daughter.

YOUNG Margaret woke, and waking cried,
Rise, Mary! lo, on Dunscore side,
The morning sun shines bright; and hear!—

The reapers' horns ring far and near!
The thrush sings loud in bush and bower,
The doves coo loud on Isle old tower;
The poet's walk, by Ellisland,
Is rife with larks that love the sand;
The pars are leaping in the Rack,
The cornecrake calls from fair Portrack;
There 's silver, sure, in yon sweet rill
That flows 'tween this and blithe Cowehill;
And see! from green Dalswinton's lake,
Their distant flight the herons take.
I 'm glad I 've wakened — 'tis so sweet
To see the dew shine on our feet;
To see the morn diffuse its wealth, —
Light, life, and happiness, and health;
And then the sounds which float abroad
Are Nature's, and come all from God!

Young Mary thus: from London fair
She came to Margaret for sweet air;
Not sisters born, yet sisters they
In heart, in spirit, and in play.
See, see! the farmer quits his horn, —
Fast 'neath the sickle sinks the corn!
The bandsmen all with hoary locks
Tie up the sheaves and set the shocks;
The busy maids, with snooded tresses,
Dish sweet milk pottage out in messes;
E'en now upon Nith's winding stream
The glad sun sheds a brighter beam;
Dark Blackwood smiles, and 'mongst her trees

Carse lists the music of her bees;
And from Dalswinton, broad and fair,
The smell of fruit fills all the air:
Old Age in sunshine walks abroad
Thankful, and gives his thoughts to God!

See, children, see! — 'T was thus another
Voice spoke, of aunt perchance, or mother, —
That stream has run, yon sun has shone,
Yon hills have stood, that wind has blown,
Since first God framed them with his hand, —
All else is changed within this land:
Landmarks decay, tombs yield their trust,
Youth fades, and old age sinks to dust!
Ten ancient names have ceased in story,
Ten ancient towers have lost their glory,
Two kirks, where Learning's lamp and cowl
Were trimmed, now shelter bat and owl!
For Seton's soul, where monks said masses,
The wandering gypsies graze their asses;
Full sixty halls where Maxwells dwelt
The sway of strangers' hands have felt;
The Douglas — but I shall not say
What chances wrought their sad decay —
Or stern Kirkpatrick, whose dread dirk
Won Scotland's freedom in her kirk;
Or Charteris, whose proud feudal power
From Tinwald reached to Liddel's tower;
Or Halliday, whose hounds could range
From Solway sands to Moffat grange;
All these — the brightness of their days

Are gone — their power the stranger sways —
Or sad on their diminished bounds
They rule, nor hosts, nor deep-mouthed hounds.
Fair children, this stern lesson learn: —
What merit wins and worth can earn,
May, in some inconsiderate hour,
Be plucked — as now I pluck this flower!
The flower will rise with sun and rain
In summer, and bloom bright again:
But when fame goes, its emblem see,
My children, in yon stricken tree!
It lies — it rots — nor from its side
Sends shoots to be the forest's pride!

Allan Cunningham.

Preston Mill.

THE LOVELY LASS OF PRESTON MILL.

PRESTON MILL is a little rustic village in the parish of Kirkbean on the alloway side of the Solway; it consists of some dozen or so of thatched ottages, grouped together without regularity, yet beautiful from their tuation on the banks of a wild burn which runs or rather tumbles rough it, scarcely staying to turn a mill from which the place takes its ame.

THE lark had left the evening cloud,
The dew fell saft, the wind was lowne,
Its gentle breath amang the flowers
Scarce stirred the thistle's tap o' down,

The dappled swallow left the pool
The stars were blinking owre the hill,
As I met, amang the hawthorns green,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Her naked feet, amang the grass,
Shone like twa dew-gemmed lilies fair;
Her brow shone comely 'mang her locks,
Dark curling owre her shoulders bare;
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth;
Her lips had words and wit at will;
And heaven seemed looking through her een,—
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Quo' I, "Sweet lass, will ye gang wi' me,
Where blackcocks craw, and plovers cry?
Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
Six vales are lowing wi' my kye:
I hae looked lang for a weel-faur'd lass,
By Nithsdale's holmes an' monie a hill";
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,—
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Quo' I, "Sweet maiden, look nae down,
But gie's a kiss, and gang wi' me":
A lovelier face, O, never looked up,
And the tears were drapping frae her ee:
"I hae a lad, wha 's far awa',
That weel could win a woman's will;
My heart's already fu' o' love,"
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

"Now wha is he wha could leave sic a lass,
To seek for love in a far countree?"—
Her tears drapped down like simmer dew:
I fain wad kissed them frae her ee.
I took but ane o' her comely cheek;
"For pity's sake, kind sir, be still!
My heart is fu' o' other love,"
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

She stretched to heaven her twa white hands,
And lifted up her watery ee:
"Sae lang's my heart kens aught o' God,
Or light is gladsome to my ee;
While woods grow green, and burns rin clear,
Till my last drap o' blood be still,
My heart shall haud nae other love,"
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
And Nith's romantic vale is fu';
By lanely Cluden's hermit stream
Dwells monie a gentle dame, I trow!
O, they are lights of a gladsome kind,
As ever shone on vale or hill;
But there's a light puts them a' out,—
The lovely lass of Preston Mill!

Allan Cunningham.

Preston Pans.

THE THORN OF PRESTON.

REVIVING with the genial airs,
Beneath the azure heaven of spring,
Thy stem of ancient vigor bears
Its branches green and blossoming;
The birds around thee hop and sing,
Or flit, on glossy pinions borne,
Above thy time-resisting head,
Whose umbrage overhangs the dead,
Thou venerable Thorn!

Three ages of mankind have passed
To silence and to sleep, since thou,
Rearing thy branches to the blast,
As glorious, and more green than now,
Sheltered beneath thy shadowy brow
The warrior from the dews of night:
To doubtful sleep himself he laid,
Enveloped in his tartan plaid,
And dreaming of the fight.

Day opened in the orient sky
With wintry aspect, dull and drear;
On every leaf while glitteringly
The rimy hoar-frost did appear.
Blue ocean was unseen, though near;

And hazy shadows seemed to draw,
In silver with their mimic floods,
A line above the Seton woods,
And round North Berwick Law.

Hark! 't was the bagpipe that awoke
Its tones of battle and alarms!
The royal drum, with doubling stroke,
In answer, beat, "To arms — to arms!"
If tumult and if war have charms,
Here might that bliss be sought and found:
The Saxon line unsheathes the sword;
Rushes the Gael, with battle-word,
Across the stubble ground.

Alas! that British might should wield
Destruction o'er a British plain;
That hands, ordained to bear the shield,
Should bring the poisoned lance to drain
The life-blood from a brother's vein,
And steep ancestral fields in gore!
Yet, Preston, such thy fray began;
Thy marsh-collected waters ran
Empurpled to the shore.

The noble Gardiner, bold of soul,
Saw, spirit-sunk, his dastards flee,
Disdained to let a fear control,
And, striving by the side of thee,
Fell, like a champion of the free!
And Brymer, too, who scorned to yield,
Here took his death-blow undismayed,

And, sinking slowly downward, laid
His back upon the field.

Descendant of a royal line, —
A line unfortunate and brave!
Success a moment seemed to shine
On thee, — 't was sunbeams on a grave!
Thy home a hiding-place, — a cave,
With foxes destined soon to be!
To sorrow and to suffering wed,
A price on thy devoted head,
And bloodhounds tracking thee!

'T was morn; but ere the solar ray
Shot, burning, from the west abroad,
The field was still; the soldier lay
Beneath the turf on which he trod,
Within a cold and lone abode,
Beside the spot whereon he fell;
Forever severed from his kind,
And from the home he left behind, —
His own paternal dell!

Sheathed in their glittering panoply,
Or wrapt in war-cloak, blood-besprent,
Within one common cemetery
The lofty and the low were pent:
No longer did the evening tent
Their mirth and wassail-clamor hear:
Ah! many a maid of ardent breast
Shed for his sake, whom she loved best,
The heart-consuming tear!

Thou, lonely tree, survivest still,—
  Thy bloom is white, thy leaf is green,
I hear the tinkling of a rill;
  All else is silent: and the scene,
  Where battle raged, is now serene
Beneath the purple fall of night.
  Yet oft, beside the plough, appear
  Casque, human bone, and broken spear,
Sad relics of the fight!

David Macbeth Moir.

Ravelston.

KEITH OF RAVELSTON.

THE murmur of the mourning ghost
  That keeps the shadowy kine,
"O Keith of Ravelston,
  The sorrows of thy line!"

Ravelston, Ravelston,
  The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill,
  And through the silver meads;

Ravelston, Ravelston,
  The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
  The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode through the Monday morn;

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
His belted jewels shine!
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade,
And still there sits a moonshine ghost
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine;
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile,
The stile is lone and cold,
The burnie that goes babbling by
Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year to year,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood:
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?

The ancient stile is not alone,
'T is not the burn I hear!

She makes her immemorial moan,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Sydney Dobell.

Ravenscraig Castle.

RAVENSCRAIG.

YON 's Ravenscraig, wi' riven ha',
A thousand winters shook its wa'—
Tired Time let scythe an' san'glass fa',
To breathe awhile at Ugie.

For here, by brake, by burn an' lea,
Fair Nature freaks sae changefullie!
Now lauchin' daft, syne greets to see
Yon grim, gray towers at Ugie.

An' wha can mark yon dungeon dour,
Unmindfu' o' the waesome hour,
When man o'er man, wi' fiendish power,
Made sick the tremblin' Ugie.

Bring ivy wi' its peacefu' green,
Gae hide ilk hoar, unhallowed stane;

They maunna bloat yon bonnie een
That watch the gushin' Ugie.

For yonder 's she, in love's loved dress,
In youth, in truth, in tenderness,—
Sure Heaven lent that bonnie face
To bless the tearfu' Ugie.

'T is sic a face, 't is sic a mien,
An' O, sic wylie, witchin' een,
Gars Time upon his elbow lean,
An' sich to cross the Ugie.

William Thom.

Rivers of Scotland.

RIVERS OF SCOTLAND.

AND you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
Strew all your springs and grots with lilies fair:
Some swiftest-footed get her hence and pray
Our floods and lakes come keep this holiday;
Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
Which see the rising or the setting sun,
Which drink stern Grampius' mists, or Ochills' snows;
Stone-rolling Tay, Tyne tortoise-like that flows,
The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey,
Wild Nevern which doth see our longest day,
Ness smoking sulphur, Leave with mountains crowned,
Strange Lomond for his floating isles renowned,
The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Ayr,

The snaky Dun, the Ore with rushy hair,
The crystal-streaming Nid, loud-bellowing Clyde,
Tweed, which no more our kingdoms shall divide,
Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curled streams,
The Esks, the Solway where they lose their names:
To every one proclaim our joys and feasts,
Our triumphs, bid all come, and be our guests;
And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,
Bid them bid sea-gods keep this festival.

William Drummond.

Rockall.

ROCKALL is a solid block of granite, growing as it were out of the sea, t a greater distance from the mainland, probably, than any other island r rock of the same diminutive size in the world. It is only seventy feet igh, and not more than a hundred yards in circumference. It lies at a listance of no fewer than one hundred and eighty-four miles nearly due west of St. Kilda, the remotest part of the Hebrides, and is two hundred and sixty miles from the north of Ireland.

ROCKALL.

PALE ocean rock! that, like a phantom shape,
Or some mysterious spirit's tenement,
Risest amid this weltering waste of waves,
Lonely and desolate, thy spreading base
Is planted in the sea's unmeasured depths,
Where rolls the huge leviathan o'er sands
Glistening with shipwrecked treasures. The strong wind
Flings up thy sides a veil of feathery spray
With sunbeams interwoven, and the hues
Which mingle in the rainbow. From thy top

The sea-birds rise, and sweep with sidelong flight
Downward upon their prey; or, with poised wings,
Skim to the horizon o'er the glittering deep.
Our bark, careening to the welcome breeze,
With white sails filled and streamers all afloat,
Shakes from her dipping prow the foam, while we
Gaze on thy outline mingling in the void,
And draw our breath like men who see, amazed,
Some mighty pageant passing. What had been
Our fate last night, if, when the aspiring waves
Were toppling o'er our mainmast, and the stars
Were shrouded in black vapors, we had struck
Full on thy sea-bound pinnacles, Rockall!
But now another prospect greets our sight,
And hope elate is rising with our hearts:
Intensely blue, the sky's resplendent arch
Bends over all serenely; not a cloud
Mars its pure radiance; not a shadow dims
The flashing billows. The refreshing air
It is a luxury to feel and breathe;
The senses are made keener, and drink in
The life, the joy, the beauty of the scene.
Repeller of the wild and thundering surge!
For ages has the baffled tempest howled
By thee with all its fury, and piled up
The massive waters like a falling tower
To dash thee down; but there thou risest yet,
As calm amid the roar of storms, the shock
Of waves uptorn, and hurled against thy front,
As when, on summer eves, the crimsoned main,
In lingering undulations, girds thee round!

Epes Sargent.

Roslin.

ROSABELLE.

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew;
And, gentle lady, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay;
Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'T is not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'T is not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 't is not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'T was broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'T was seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale,
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair,—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;

Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

Sir Walter Scott.

SONNET.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

THE wind is now thy organist; a clank
(We know not whence) ministers for a bell
To mark some change of service. As the swell
Of music reached its height, and even when sank
The notes, in prelude, Roslin! to a blank
Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous roof,
Pillars, and arches, — not in vain time-proof,
Though Christian rites be wanting! From what bank
Came those live herbs? by what hand were they sown,
Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem unknown?
Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche
Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-grown
Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,
Though mute, of all things blending into one.

William Wordsworth.

AT THE LINN-SIDE, ROSLIN.

O LIVING, living water,
So busy and so bright,
Aye flashing in the morning beams,
And sounding through the night;
O, golden-shining water, —
Would God that I might be
A vocal message from his mouth
Into the world, like thee!

O merry, merry water,
Which nothing e'er affrays;
And as it pours from rock to rock
Nothing e'er stops or stays;
But past cool heathery hollows
And gloomy pools it flows;
Past crags that fain would shut it in
Leaps through, — and on it goes.

O fresh'ning, sparkling water,
O voice that 's never still,
Though winter lays her dead-white hand
On brae and glen and hill;
Though no leaf 's left to flutter
In woods all mute and hoar,
Yet thou, O river, night and day
Thou runnest evermore.

No foul thing can pollute thee;
Thy swiftness casts aside

All ill, like a good heart and true,
However sorely tried.
O living, living water,
So fresh and bright and free, —
God lead us through this changeful world
Forever pure, like thee!

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

FROM SCOTLAND'S SKAITH.

SAFT the southland breeze was blawing,
Sweetly sughed the green aik wood;
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
Strack the ear wi' thundering thud:

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleating;
Linties chirped on ilka tree;
Frae the west the sun, near setting,
Flamed on Roslin's towers sae hie.

Roslin's towers and braes sae bonny!
Craigs and water, woods and glen!
Roslin's banks unpeered by ony,
Save the Muses' Hawthornden!

Ilka sound and charm delighting,
Will, — though hardly fit to gang, —
Wandered on through scenes inviting,
Listening to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
On a fragrant strawberry steep,
Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,
Wearied Nature drapt asleep.

Hector Macneill.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A WOOD NEAR ROSLIN CASTLE, 1763.

THE peaceful evening breathes her balmy store;
The playful school-boy swanton o'er the green;
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
With solemn meditation let me stray;
This is the hour when, to the wise and good,
The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whispers the gently-waving boughs among;
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
The silver empress of the night appears!
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters, tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound;

The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade;
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale
The Gothic abbey rears its sculptured towers;
Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale;
Dark solitude among the pillars lowers.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And, solemn, shade a chapel's sad remains;
Where yon scathed poplar through the window waves,
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains;

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclined,
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.

High o'er the pines, that with their darkening shade
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling turrets: still its towery head
A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So, midst the snow of age, a boastful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
Though, trembling, o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flowers creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led;
Gone is the bower, the grot a ruined heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'T was here our sires, exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, marched o'er the lea,
Eying their rescued fields with proud delight;
Now lost to them! and, ah, how changed to me!

* * * * *

William Julius Mickle.

Ross Dhu.

TO ROSS DHU.

OFT when a stripling thy sequestered coves,
Ross Dhu! have I stole into with my shallop,
And, dashing quickly on, put to the gallop
The browsing kine within thy oaken groves;
My feelings much akin to his who roves
Some new-discovered isle, at every sound,
Real or imagined, starting, as behoves
The boy who ventures on forbidden ground.
Unchallenged now I pass, but feel no more
Those exquisite delights I felt of yore,
When foresters and keepers in my sight
Were very satyrs, whom I sought to fly,
Yet wished to see; for danger is delight,
And fear is one great element of joy!

James Cochrane.

Rothesay Bay.

ROTHESAY BAY.

FU' yellow lie the corn-rigs
Far doun the braid hillside;
It is the brawest harst field
Alang the shores o' Clyde:
And I 'm a puir harst-lassie
That stan's the lee-lang day
Shearing the corn-rigs of Ardbeg
Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

O, I had ance a true-love,—
Now, I hae nane ava;
And I had ance three brithers,
But I hae tint them a';
My father and my mither
Sleep i' the mools this day.
I sit my lane amang the rigs
Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay,

It 's a bonnie bay at morning,
And bonnier at the noon,
But it 's bonniest when the sun draps
And red comes up the moon:
When the mist creeps o'er the Cumbrays,
And Arran peaks are gray,
And the great black hills, like sleepin' kings,
Sit grand roun' Rothesay Bay,

Then a bit sigh stirs my bosom,
And a wee tear blin's my e'e,—
And I think o' that far Countrie
What I wad like to be!
But I rise content i' the morning
To wark while wark I may
I' the yellow harst field of Ardbeg
Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

Seaton.

THE RUINS OF SETON CHAPEL.

THE beautiful, the powerful, and the proud,
The many, and the mighty, yield to Time,—
Time that, with noiseless pace and viewless wing,
Glides on and on,—the despot of the world.

With what a glory the refulgent sun,
Far from the crimson portals of the west,
Sends back his parting radiance: round and round
Stupendous walls encompass me, and throw
The ebon outlines of their traceries down
Upon the dusty floor: the eastern piles
Receive the checkered shadows of the west
In mimic lattice-work and sable hues.
Rich in its mellowness, the sunshine bathes

The sculptured epitaphs of barons dead
Long ere this breathing generation moved,
Or wantoned in the garish eye of noon.
The sad and sombre trophies of decay, —
The prone effigies, carved in marble mail;
The fair Ladye with crossed palms on her breast;
The tablet gray with mimic roses bound;
The angled bones, the sand-glass, and the scythe, —
These, and the stone-carved cherubs that impend
With hovering wings, and eyes of fixedness,
Gleam down the ranges of the solemn aisle,
Dull amid the crimson of the waning light.

This is a season and a scene to hold
Discourse and purifying monologue,
Before the silent spirit of the Past!
Power built this house to Prayer, — 't was earthly power,
And vanished, — see its sad mementos round!
The gillyflowers upon each fractured arch,
And from the time-worn crevices, look down,
Blooming where all is desolate. With tufts
Clustering and dark, and light green trails between,
The ivy hangs perennial; yellow-flowered,
The dandelion shoots its juicy stalks
Over the thin transparent blades of grass,
Which bend and flicker, even amid the calm;
And, O, sad emblems of entire neglect,
In rank luxuriance, the nettles spread
Behind the massy tablatures of death,
Hanging their pointed leaves and seedy stalks
Above the graves, so lonesome and so low,

Of famous men, now utterly unknown,
Yet whose heroic deeds were, in their day,
The theme of loud acclaim, — when Seton's arm
In power with Stuart and with Douglas vied.
Clad in their robes of state, or graith of war,
A proud procession, o'er the stage of time,
As century on century wheeled away,
They passed; and, with the escutcheons mouldering o'er
The little spot, where voicelessly they sleep,
Their memories have decayed; nay, even their bones
Are crumbled down to undistinguished dust,
Mocking the Herald, who, with pompous tones,
Would set their proud array of quarterings forth,
Down to the days of Chrystal and De Bruce.

David Macbeth Moir.

Seaton Vale.

THE ROSE OF SEATON VALE.

A BONNIE Rose bloomed wild and fair,
As sweet a bud, I trow,
As ever breathed the morning air,
Or drank the evening dew.
A Zephyr loved the blushing flower,
With sigh and fond love-tale;
It wooed within its briery bower
The Rose of Seaton Vale.

With wakening kiss the Zephyr pressed
This bud at morning light;
At noon it fanned its glowing breast,
And nestled there at night.
But other flowers sprung up thereby,
And lured the roving gale;
The Zephyr left to droop and die
The Rose of Seaton Vale.

A matchless maiden dwelt by Don,
Loved by as fair a youth;
Long had their young hearts throbbed as one
Wi' tenderness and truth.
Thy warmest tear, soft Pity, pour,—
For Ellen's type and tale
Are in that sweet, ill-fated flower,
The Rose of Seaton Vale.

John Imlah.

Selkirk.

THE SOUTERS OF SELKIRK.

UP wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
And down wi' the Earl of Home;
And up wi' a' the braw lads,
That sew the single-soled shoon.

Fye upon yellow and yellow,
And fye upon yellow and green,

But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,
And up wi' the single-soled sheen.

Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
For they are baith trusty and leal;
And up wi' the Men o' the Forest,
And down wi' the Merse to the deil.

Anonymous.

Selkirk and Peebles (The Forest).

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

"THE FOREST" was the name given to a district which comprehended Selkirkshire, and a portion of Peeblesshire and Clydesdale, and which was noted for its fine archers. These were almost to a man slain at the battle of Flodden, (1513) and upon that disastrous event the song is founded.

I'VE heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning,—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In hairst at the shearing nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters are lyart and runkled and gray;

At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching, —
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en at the gloaming nae swankies are roaming
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her dearie, —
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order sent our lads to the border!
The English for ance by guile won the day;
The Flowers of the Forest that focht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning, —
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Jane Elliot.

Sheriff-Muir.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

"O, CAM ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?"

"I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And reekin' red ran monie a sheugh;

My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaumed at kingdoms three, man.

"The redcoat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rushed and pushed, and bluid outgushed,
And monie a bouk did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced for twenty miles:
They hacked and hashed, while broadswords clashed,
And through they dashed, and hewed, and smashed,
Till fey men died awa', man.

"But had you seen the philabegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dared our Whigs,
And covenant true-blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets opposed the targe,
And thousands hastened to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frighted doos, man."

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the North, man;
I saw myself they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,

They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling winged their flight;
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut;
And monie a huntit, poor redcoat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man!"

"My sister Kate cam up the gate,
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good-will
That day their neibors' blood to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, — all crying woes;
And so it goes, you see, man.

"They 've lost some gallant gentlemen
Amang the Highland clans, man;
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man.
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
But monie bade the world guid-night;
Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,
And Whigs to hell did flee, man."

Robert Burns.

Shetland Islands (*Ultima Thule*).

A KING IN THULE.

THERE was a king in Thule,
Was faithful till the grave, —
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.

Naught was to him more precious;
He drained it at every bout:
His eyes with tears ran over,
As oft as he drank thereout.

When came his time of dying,
The towns in his land he told,
Naught else to his heir denying
Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet
With his knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers
In the castle by the sea.

There stood the old carouser,
And drank the last life-glow;
And hurled the hallowed goblet
Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,
And sinking deep in the sea:
Then fell his eyelids forever,
And never more drank he!

Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe. Tr. Bayard Taylor.

THE LORDS OF THULE.

THE Lords of Thule it did not please
That Willegis their bishop was;
'or he was a wagoner's son.
.nd they drew, to do him scorn,
Vheels of chalk upon the wall;
[e found them in chamber, found them in hall;
ut the pious Willegis
ould not be moved to bitterness.

eeing the wheels upon the wall,
[e bade his servants a painter call;
.nd said, "My friend, paint now for me,
n every wall, that I may see,
. wheel of white in a field of red;
nderneath, in letters plain to be read,—
Willegis, bishop now by name,
orget not whence you came!'"

he Lords of Thule were full of shame,—
hey wiped away their words of blame;
or they saw that scorn and jeer
annot wound the wise man's ear.

And all the bishops that after him came
Quartered the wheel with their arms of fame.
Thus came to pious Willegis
Glory out of bitterness.

Anonymous.

Staffa, the Island.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

I.

WE saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,
Not one of us has felt the far-famed sight;
How could we feel it? each the other's blight,
Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud.
O, for those motions only that invite
The ghost of Fingal to his tuneful cave
By the breeze entered, and wave after wave
Softly embosoming the timid light!
And by one votary, who at will might stand
Gazing, and take into his mind and heart,
With undistracted reverence, the effect
Of those proportions where the Almighty hand
That made the worlds, the sovereign Architect,
Has deigned to work as if with human art!

II.

THANKS for the lessons of this spot, — fit school
For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign
Mechanic laws to agency divine;

And, measuring heaven by earth, would overrule
Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,
Might seem designed to humble man, when proud
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight
Of tide and tempest on that structure's base,
And flashing to that structure's topmost height,
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace
In calms is conscious, finding for his freight
Of softest music some responsive place.

III.

Ye shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims
In every cell of Fingal's mystic grot,
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the spot,
Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin frames,
And, by your mien and bearing, knew your names;
And they could hear his ghostly song who trod
Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,
While he struck his desolate harp without hopes or aims.
Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;
Why keep we else the instincts whose dread law
Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they saw,
Not by black arts but magic natural!
If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,
Yon light shapes forth a bard, that shade a chief.

William Wordsworth.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

HOPE smiled when your nativity was cast,
Children of summer! Ye fresh flowers that brave
What summer here escapes not, the fierce wave,
And whole artillery of the western blast,
Battering the temple's front, its long-drawn nave
Smiting, as if each moment were their last.
But ye, bright flowers, on frieze and architrave
Survive, and once again the pile stands fast:
Calm as the universe, from specular towers
Of heaven contemplated by spirits pure
With mute astonishment, it stands sustained
Through every part in symmetry, to endure,
Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his hours,
As the Supreme Artificer ordained.

William Wordsworth.

STAFFA.

STAFFA, I scaled thy summit hoar,
I passed beneath thy arch gigantic,
Whose pillared cavern swells the roar,
When thunders on thy rocky shore
The roll of the Atlantic.

That hour the wind forgot to rave,
The surge forgot its motion,
And every pillar in thy cave

Slept in its shadow on the wave,
  Unrippled by the ocean.

Then the past age before me came,
  When mid the lightning's sweep,
Thy isle with its basaltic frame,
And every column wreathed with flame,
  Burst from the boiling deep.

When mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile
  O'er sculptured graves I trod,
Where Time had strewn each mouldering aisle
O'er saints and kings that reared the pile,
  I hailed the eternal God:
Yet, Staffa, more I felt his presence in thy cave
Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western wave.

William Sotheby.

FINGAL'S CAVE.

NOT Aladdin magian
  Ever such a work began;
Not the wizard of the Dee
Ever such a dream could see;
Not Saint John, in Patmos' isle,
In the passion of his toil,
When he saw the churches seven,
Golden aisled, built up in heaven,
Gazed at such a rugged wonder!
As I stood its roofing under,
Lo! I saw one sleeping there,

On the marble cold and bare;
While the surges washed his feet,
And his garments white did beat,
Drenched about the sombre rocks;
On his neck his well-grown locks,
Lifted dry above the main,
Were upon the curl again.
"What is this? and what art thou?"
Whispered I, and touched his brow;
"What art thou? and what is this?"
Whispered I, and strove to kiss
The spirit's hand, to wake his eyes.
Up he started in a trice:
"I am Lycidas," said he,
"Famed in fun'ral minstrelsy!
This was architectured thus
By the great Oceanus!—
Here his mighty waters play
Hollow organs all the day;
Here, by turns, his dolphins all,
Finny palmers, great and small,
Come to pay devotion due,—
Each a mouth of pearls must strew!
Many a mortal of these days
Dares to pass our sacred ways;
Dares to touch, audaciously,
This cathedral of the sea!
I have been the pontiff-priest,
Where the waters never rest,
Where a fledgy sea-bird choir
Soars forever! Holy fire

I have hid from mortal man;
Proteus is my sacristan!
But the dulled eye of mortal
Hath passed beyond the rocky portal;
So forever will I leave
Such a taint, and soon unweave
All the magic of the place."
So saying, with a spirit's glance
He dived!

John Keats.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO RANALD MACDONALD, ESQ., OF STAFFA.

STAFFA, sprung from high Macdonald,
Worthy branch of old Clan-Ranald!
Staffa! king of all kind fellows!
Well befall thy hills and valleys,
Lakes and inlets, deeps and shallows,—
Cliffs of darkness, caves of wonder,
Echoing the Atlantic thunder;
Mountains which the gray mist covers,
Where the chieftain spirit hovers,
Pausing while his pinions quiver,
Stretched to quit our land forever!
Each kind influence reign above thee!
Warmer heart, 'twixt this and Staffa
Beats not, than in heart of Staffa!

Sir Walter Scott.

Stirling.

KING JAMES'S RIDE.

NO foot Fitz-James in stirrup stayed,
No grasp upon the saddle laid,
But wreathed his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turned on the horse his armed heel,
And stirred his courage with the steel.
Bounded the fiery steed in air,
The rider sat erect and fair,
Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
Forth launched, along the plain they go.
They dashed that rapid torrent through,
And up Carhonie's hill they flew;
Still at the gallop pricked the knight,
His merrymen followed as they might.
Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide;
Torry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,
They sink in distant woodland soon;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre;
They mark just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;

They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
With plash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career looked down.

* * * * *

The Castle gates were open flung,
The quivering drawbridge rocked and rung,
And echoed loud the flinty street
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
As slowly down the steep descent
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,
While all along the crowded way
Was jubilee and loud huzzah.
And ever James was bending low,
To his white jennet's saddlebow,
Doffing his cap to city dame,
Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame.
And well the simperer might be vain, —
He chose the fairest of the train.
Gravely he greets each city sire,
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims, —
"Long live the Commons' King, King James!"
Behind the King thronged peer and knight,
And noble dame and damsel bright,

Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay
Of the steep street and crowded way.
But in the train you might discern
Dark lowering brow and visage stern;
There nobles mourned their pride restrained,
And the mean burgher's joys disdained;
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
Were each from home a banished man,
There thought upon their own gray tower,
Their waving woods, their feudal power,
And deemed themselves a shameful part
Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

Now, in the Castle park, drew out
Their checkered bands the joyous rout.
There morricers, with bell at heel,
And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;
But chief, beside the butts, there stand
Bold Robin Hood and all his band, —
Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,
Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,
Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
Their bugles challenge all that will
In archery to prove their skill.
The Douglas bent a bow of might, —
His first shaft centred in the white,
And when in turn he shot again,
His second split the first in twain.
From the King's hand must Douglas take
A silver dart, the archer's stake;

Fondly he watched, with watery eye,
Some answering glance of sympathy, —
No kind emotion made reply!
Indifferent as to archer wight,
The monarch gave the arrow bright.

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand,
The manly wrestlers take their stand.
Two o'er the rest superior rose,
And proud demanded mightier foes,
Nor called in vain! for Douglas came.
For life is Hugh of Larbert lame;
Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
Whom senseless home his comrades bare.
Prize of the wrestling match, the King
To Douglas gave a golden ring,
While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
As frozen drop of wintry dew.
Douglas would speak, but in his breast
His struggling soul his words suppressed;
Indignant then he turned him where
Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
To hurl the massive bar in air.
When each his utmost strength had shown,
The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
And sent the fragment through the sky,
A rood beyond the farthest mark;
And still in Stirling's royal park,
The gray-haired sires, who know the past,
To strangers point the Douglas cast,

And moralize on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

* * * * *

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang
With soldier-step and weapon-clang,
While drums, with rolling note, foretell
Relief to weary sentinel.
Through narrow loop and casement barred,
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
And, struggling through the smoky air,
Deadened the torches' yellow glare.
In comfortless alliance shone
The lights through arch of blackened stone,
And showed wild shapes in garb of war,
Faces deformed with beard and scar,
All haggard from the midnight watch,
And fevered with the stern debauch;
For the oak table's massive board,
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored.
And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown,
Showed in what sport the night had flown.
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;
Some labored still their thirst to quench;
Some, chilled with watching, spread their hands
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,
While round them, or beside them flung,
At every step their harness rung.

These drew not for their fields the sword,
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor owned the patriarchal claim

Of Chieftain in their leader's name;
Adventurers they, from far who roved,
To live by battle which they loved.
There the Italian's clouded face,
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace;
The mountain-loving Switzer there
More freely breathed in mountain air;
The Fleming there despised the soil,
That paid so ill the laborer's toil;
Their rolls showed French and German name:
And merry England's exiles came,
To share, with ill-concealed disdain
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
All brave in arms, well trained to wield
The heavy halberd, brand, and shield;
In camps licentious, wild, and bold;
In pillage fierce and uncontrolled;
And now, by holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE BATTLE OF STIRLING.

TO Scotland's ancient realm
Proud Edward's armies came,
To sap our freedom, and o'erwhelm
Our martial force in shame.
"It shall not be!" brave Wallace cried:
"It shall not be!" his chiefs replied;
"By the name our fathers gave her,
Our steel shall drink the crimson stream,

We 'll all her dearest rights redeem, —
Our own broadswords shall save her!"

With hopes of triumph flushed,
The squadrons hurried o'er
Thy bridge, Kildean, and heaving rushed
Like wild waves to the shore.
"They come — they come!" was the gallant cry:
"They come — they come!" was the loud reply;
"O strength, thou gracious Giver!
By Love and Freedom's stainless faith,
We 'll dare the darkest night of death, —
We 'll drive them back forever!"

All o'er the waving broom,
In chivalry and grace,
Shone England's radiant spear and plume,
By Stirling's rocky base:
And, stretching far beneath the view,
Proud Cressingham! thy banners flew,
When, like a torrent rushing,
O God! from right and left the flame
Of Scottish swords like lightning came,
Great Edward's legions crushing!

High praise, ye gallant band,
Who, in the face of day,
With a daring heart and a fearless hand,
Have cast your chains away!
The foemen fell on every side, —
In crimson hues the Forth was dyed, —

Bedewed with blood the heather;
While cries triumphal shook the air, —
"Thus shall they do, thus shall they dare,
Wherever Scotsmen gather!"

Though years like shadows fleet
O'er the dial-stone of Time,
Thy pulse, O Freedom! still shall beat
With the throb of manhood's prime!
Still shall the valor, love, and truth,
That shone on Scotland's early youth,
From Scotland ne'er dissever;
The Shamrock, Rose, and Thistle stern
Shall wave around her Wallace cairn,
And bless the brave forever!

William Sinclair.

Strathairly.

COMING HOME.

THE lift is high and blue,
And the new moon glints through
The bonnie corn-stooks o' Strathairly;
My ship 's in Largo Bay,
And I ken it weel, — the way
Up the steep, steep brae of Strathairly.

When I sailed ower the sea, —
A laddie bold and free, —
The corn sprang green on Strathairly;

When I come back again,
'T is an auld man walks his lane,
Slow and sad through the fields o' Strathairly.

Of the shearers that I see,
Ne'er a body kens me,
Though I kent them a' at Strathairly;
And this fisher-wife I pass,
Can she be the braw lass
That I kissed at the back of Strathairly?

O, the land's fine, fine!
I could buy it a' for mine,
My gowd 's yellow as the stooks o' Strathairly;
But I fain yon lad wad be,
That sailed ower the salt sea,
As the dawn rose gray on Strathairly.

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

Strathnaver.

BONNIE STRATHNAVER.

BONNIE Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!
With thy stream softly flowing and mead spreading wide.
Bonnie Strathnaver! where now are the men
That peopled with gladness thy green-mantled glen?
Bonnie Strathnaver! where now are the men
That peopled with gladness thy green-mantled glen?
Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!
Sweet is the breath of the birks on thy side;
But where is the blue smoke that curled from thy glen,
When thy lone hills were dappled with dwellings of men?
Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! O, fearful to tell
Are the harsh deeds once done on thy bonnie green dell!
When to rocks of the storm-brewing ocean were driven
The men on thy green turfy walks who had thriven.
Bonnie Strathnaver!

When the strong-sinewed lad and the light-tripping maid
Looked their last on the hills where their infancy strayed;
When the gray drooping sire and the old hirpling dame
Were chased from their hearths by the fierce-spreading flame.
Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!
Wide is the ruin that spreads on thy side!
The bramble now climbs o'er the old ruined wall,
And the green fern is rank in the tenantless hall
Of bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!
Loud is the baa of the sheep on thy side;

But the pipe, and the song, and the dance are no more,
And gone the brave clansmen that trod thy green floor.
Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!
Vain are the tears that I weep on thy side.
The praise of the bard is the meed of the glen,
But where is the charm that can bring back the men
To bonnie Strathnaver?

John Stuart Blackie.

END OF VOL. II.

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